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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. K. L. AND G. E. E., EDITORS

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For the Register.

MISSIONARY AGENCY.

It would afford me great pleasure, had I the time, to answer several interesting questions which have *reached me from* various quarters in respect to *the progress* I have made in the great work assigned me by the Missionary Board, and to the reasonable probabilities of a favorable issue to my labors.

The limited period allowed me for an almost herculean task, and the all but certain defeat of my plans for accomplishing it, if I stop to take breath, will not permit me to gratify the natural feelings of those who sympathise so deeply in the success of an enterprise, nobler than any within the compass of human thought. I must, therefore, content myself, and earnestly hope I may content others, with a general statement of my doings, during the first two months I have occupied the office of Missionary Agent.

During this brief period, a good part of which has been necessarily spent in preliminary arrangements, forwarding two hundred printed and written circulars, attending ministerial associations &c., I have visited and addressed seventeen of our religious societies, have formed several missionary auxiliary associations, and put into activity not a little, as *I humbly*, but devoutly hope, of that *spiritual* motive power which was ready, *nay* rejoicing to be employed *the moment* it was *invoked*, and which has slumbered only for want of an object.

I have been uniformly welcomed in a most cordial and generous manner both by pastors and people. I have been delighted with their mutual expressions of interest in the suggestions I have been enabled to present to them in behalf of the cause, and their desires to fulfil more perfectly that law, which Christ so beautifully illustrated in his whole life and sealed so gloriously upon the cross.

I have become convinced that, as a denomination, we have the vantage ground over all others, for diffusing the pure Christianity of the Gospel, and thereby christianizing the world; and that it only remains, in order to secure this blessed result, for every man *to do*, just what he professes he ought, and has bound himself to do, when he enters into covenant with God, by the confession of Christ before men. I am so convinced of the power of Unitarian Christianity to convert the world from sin to holiness, if honestly, affectionately and earnestly presented, and lived out and prayed out, by all who claim to be influenced by its uncompromising demand, that my faith remains unshaken in the advent of a glorious day to a yet benighted world. This faith has been in no slight degree strengthened by what I have seen of the power of our views over prejudice, which time and sectarian bigotry and intolerance had almost rendered as unrelenting as death. Yes, strong men and [illegible] and not a few in number, have, through the agency of Dr. Channing's writings alone, never having listened to Unitarian preaching, been lifted from the fog and mysticism of an unreasonable theology, to the clear simple realities of unquestionable truth. And again, I have witnessed the power of our simple faith over infidelity, and open and undisguised sin. Several of such instances I have become acquainted with. Men whose hearts were harder than the nether millstone, have been renewed, and brought within the embrace of a Savior's love through the instrumentality of Unitarian preaching.

Let us then, my friends, rejoice and be glad for the golden opportunities now offered us by this ministry of love, of redeeming the world from all sin, and of hastening on that happy time, when all shall know and obey God, from the least even unto the greatest.

GEO. G. CHANNING.

ST. DOMINGO IN MDCCXCIV, AND A FEVERISH SKETCH.

In 1794 I sailed for the West Indies in an old seventy-four, and was present at the capture of Martinico and Guadaloupe, and never was the want of experienced surgeons more exemplified than on those occasions. Bark, bark, bark, was the incessant and almost only medicine administered in cases of fever—not bark as afterwards given in a concentrated form, but bark in the rough, that stuck in the mouth like the rind of a broomstick. One general system of treatment was adopted, and there was no departure from it. Neither the imagination nor the desire of the patient was consulted, the same tedious routine was persisted in, and the poor fellows in both services died, literally like rotten sheep.—The same remarks will apply to San Domingo, where I served under Commodore Ford, and was at the surrender, by capitulation, of a considerable portion of the island to Lieutenant-Colonel Whitelock, who afterwards rendered himself so notorious at Buenos Ayres in South America. Upon this latter point I am rather delicate, as I happened to be there myself. And yet I do not know why I should be ashamed of our conduct; the army and the navy behaved as bravely as men could possibly do, but really the whole of that affair was so unadvisedly undertaken, and at last so wretchedly commanded that the result was not surprising.

It was on the morning of the 30th May, 1794, that the Europa, fifty, carrying the broad pennant, with the Irresistable, seventy-four, the Belliqueux, sixty, and the Sceptre, sixty-four, three frigates, and three sloops, besides transports, having embarked a body of troops in the road of l'Archave, got under way, and made sail for Port-au-Prince, where the whole anchored the same evening in admirable order. The following morning,—and it was certainly a most lovely one,—preparations were made for attacking the place; the troops were told off for disembarkation, the artillery and stores were in readiness to land, and, though somewhat enervated by the climate and sickness, there was a general eagerness to get on shore, so that there might be something to do, and the mind be actively employed. The ships lay out of range of shots from the forts and sea-batteries; but we could perceive, by the help of glasses, that the enemy was not idle.

The signal that every arrangement had been completed having been hoisted, the pinnace of the Europa, with a lieutenant in her, and bearing a flag of truce in the bows, was seen pulling in for the town. The sea-breeze had come in delightfully refreshing,—the sky was intensely blue, with only here and there a silvery fleecy cloud, like an angel's wing wafted along the face of the heavens, the waters lightly rippling to the gentle winds, reflected the azure tints from above,—the foliage on each side of the deep bay in which we were riding looked sweetly pleasant to the eye, as contrasted with the white fortifications on the coast and the buildings in the town, whilst the mountains rising in almost purple splendor, received on their summits the golden hues of the sun. The white wood-smoke here and there curled up amongst the dark trees, and gave a pleasant relief to the dense gloom of the back ground. The squadron was lying with their ensign hoisted,—the white flag, with the republican tricolor-jack in the upper canton, was displayed at all the defences and by the shipping in the harbor, and the whole formed a beautiful picture of peace and gladness, which man was about to deface with blood and slaughter.

Every eye was fixed on the pinnace, and every heart was anxiously impatient for the result of its mission; for it was well known that the officer was commissioned to demand the surrender of the place. Speculation ran high as the boat danced over the waters and neared the harbor. No notice had been taken of her approach, and this seemed to augur favorably that the enemy were embarrassed, and the terms dictated would be acceded to. Suddenly the wreathing smoke from a gun at a small battery ascended, and before the report reached us a shot was seen ricochetting over the mimic waves just ahead of the pinnace, and the lieutenant commanded the men to lay upon their oars. Expectation of a quiet termination to the business was instantly dashed. The next minute a barge from the shore, with an officer, was perceived pulling out to the spot where the pinnace lay, and hope was again revived. A very short interval elapsed, and they lay along side of each other to communicate. It was an anxious and exciting moment,—the two officers were distinctly visible, standing up, they courteously saluted each other, and commenced conversing. Five minutes, or perhaps a little more, elapsed, when, the officers again removed their hats, the boats separated. The barge hoisted a lanteen-sail to return to the harbor, the pinnace pulled short round, and wended her way back to the commodore. When at convenient distance the flag of truce struck, and instantly the Europa hoisted the preconcerted signal that the suspension of hostilities was at an end.

Commodore Ford and the commander of the troops consulted together, and orders were issued for the land forces to be ready early the next morning to debark, as an attack was meditated upon Fort Bixotton, which appeared to be the strongest in the harbor. All was now eagerness and preparation for the assault; but the enemy did not seem to understand on which point it was most likely they would be assailed, as no movement was perceptible that could lead us to suppose they were strengthening the fort, which certainly was extremely formidable to look at; but we were rather surprised to hear the distant booming of artillery inland. It was soon ascertained in the squadron that the French officer had been directed by the authorities to inform the lieutenant of the Europa that no flag of truce would be admitted; and a canoe with a couple of negroes soon afterwards came off to the commodore, by which we learned that the firing in the interior was caused by a conflict that was raging between the blacks and the mulattoes.

The sea-breeze died away, and by sunset a light air came steadily from the land, bearing with it a heavy noxious vapor that was almost stifling to inhale. I was standing on the forecastle, as the ship swung head to the wind, and, with several others, gazing intently upon the town. Suddenly, one of the seamen, who was near to me,—and a fine hearty fellow he was,—dropped down as if a ball had passed through his heart. There was no staggering—no spreading out of hands for support—no falling on the [illegible] he dropped as if a heavy concrete deck, which resounded as if the weight was iron or lead. He was immediately raised and carried below. Life was not extinct.—Scarcely had the surprise of this occurrence subsided than another was laid prostrate in strong convulsions; and shortly afterwards a third.—Orders were then given to clear the forecastle, and the men to keep between the decks as the service would allow. The doctor's mate (a far cleverer man than his superior) declared that these sudden seizures were caused by the exhalations from some putrid matter on the land; and as we were aware that several battles had been fought in the neighborhood, the revolting and sickening supposition arose that the offensive effluvia proceeded from the dead bodies that had been left upon the field; and this conjecture was partly verified, though we discovered that there was a large plain and stagnant lake about a league and a half from the town, and the plantations and herbage having been partially destroyed by the insurgents, the decaying vegetable matter, combined with the miasma from the lake, and the putrescence of the dead, were wafted off by the land-wind, and inflicted the devastating mischief. That night nearly forty men were rendered fit subjects for the hospital in our ship alone.

The morning arose upon us in brightness,—by seven o'clock the boats with the troops, in two lines abreast, were pulling towards the shore,—the squadron hove short upon their cables, for there was not a breath stirring, when, as if propitious to our enterprise, the sea-breeze set in a full hour before the usual time. The anchors were run up to the bows, the white canvass swelled to the invigorating visitor, the Belliqueux and the Sceptre bore up and anchored in fine position against Fort Bizotton, the Penelope brought up so as to flank a gully at the back of the fort, whilst the Irresistable and Europa, with the smaller craft, kept under sail, to throw in their fire as circumstances required. A body of cavalry and some brigades of infantry advanced to oppose the landing of the English; but they were continually under check from the judicious management of the ships.—The firing at the outset was brisk; but in about an hour was much slackened from the fort, and at intervals was quite silenced, though the French colors were kept flying.

It was the glorious first of June; and at the very period in which we were fighting, Earl Howe was engaging and defeating the French fleet: but of course we did not know this till several months subsequent. In the afternoon the fort only fired a shot or two occasionally; and as black clouds were gathering on the tops of the mountains, and spread themselves gradually abroad, apprehensions were entertained of an approaching storm,—the lightnings flashed vividly through the dark gloom, and the roaring of thunder answered hoarsely to the discharges of artillery. By five o'clock the troops were all on shore and formed. The density of the atmosphere increased, and soon afterwards the firing ceased, as the rain descended in torrents, and put to an end man's warfare. There was a fearful convulsion of the elements,—night hung a sable pall over the dying and the dead. But even amidst the conflict of nature the sense of duty prevailed,—under cover of the darkness about sixty men of the 41st and 22d contrived to ascend the walls of the fort, and after a brief struggle were victorious and the enemy yielded.

Still the town and sea-batteries held out, and the storm having passed away, the next day was occupied in preparing fire-ships to send into the harbor, to cause a general conflagration. The artillery and stores were landed, and the 4th (on which old George's birth-day was commemorated) appointed to assault the town and heights. Everything was judiciously planned; but on the evening of the 3d a canoe went alongside the commodore, conveying the agreeable intelligence that the French commissioners, with the troops, had evacuated the place, which was almost deserted. The succeeding morning the ships ran closer in, the British colors were hoisted upon all the defences, and the little army marched in and took possession of Port-au-Prince, which they found abandoned.

During the progress of hostilities, sickness increased, and almost the first use made of the conquest, was to secure suitable buildings for hospitals, each ship selecting one for itself.—nearly all the houses were empty; some of them were very handsome edifices, and the gardens abounding in tropical fruits, were beautiful and luxurious. But it was a melancholy thing to walk through this paradise in appearance, and see solitude and loneliness in every street; it was like a city of the dead. The place fixed upon for the ship to which I belonged, had been one of the most costly; the halls were of chequered white and black marble; statutes and ornaments were seen in every niche. The first floor was one extensive room, elegantly decorated, and it was evident that the whole had been built since the dreadful fire that happened three years before, (traces of which were still visible in many parts of the town, in masses of ruined and blackened ashes.) There were seven windows in front facing the sea, and thirty-six beds arranged in it, were speedily filled; nor did the occupants of them remain long, as death and the doctors were active in sweeping off the unfortunate victims. There was no distinction as to rank,—officers and men occupied the same apartments; and in less than a fortnight I found myself an inmate of this splendid mansion, stretched out with the prevalent disease, and without a ray of hope that I should ever quit it again in life. In fact, there was sufficient to destroy all hope, for in about the compass of an hour after being deposited on the mattrass, I saw two dead bodies carried out past me, and before the day was closed, no less than six had expired in sight of all the rest.—Never shall I forget my already agonized feelings at witnessing this spirit-damping, soul-subduing spectacle, which must have had a dreadful effect in hastening the departure of many of the poor fellows who were still struggling to live.

On the bed at my right hand laid the captain of the forecastle, a fine, handsome-looking man six feet in height, and about forty years of age; on my left, was a maintop-man, a smart, active little chap, whose temper nobody could ruffle; but there they were now, perfectly sensible and fully aware, from the scenes that were passing before them, that their own fate was sealed.—The attendants were old seamen, chiefly of the after guard, who had braved every climate, and I may also say, every disease under the sun; but they were never thoroughly sober, and at night, when the eye of authority was not upon them, they were generally right-down drunk, and yet no one of these men took the fever. It may be supposed that, under such circumstances, great neglect ensued; in fact, with the exception of one of the assistant-surgeons, very little attention was paid to the unhappy men, who were compelled to be patients in reality.

On the second day, seven bodies were carried out, but their places were filled again in the course of a few hours, and I was looking forward to the time when mine also would become vacant, for I deemed it impossible to live in such a dreadful condition. Some of the deaths were horribly terrific, others passed quietly away nor was it known, except by inspection, that their spirits had fled; several were madly intoxicated, for, though the bringing in of liquor was strictly prohibited, yet, as the attendants could obtain it, and money was freely given, there was but small restraint in that particular; and it is worthy of remark that, where stimulants were moderately taken, the men lasted the longest.

From the very first hour of my attack, I had felt a longing, restless desire for bottled porter, —it produced irritation when awake, and I dreamed of it in the fitful dozes which weary nationed the circumstance to [illegible] of the forecastle, and begged him to tell me if he thought there were any means of procuring some.

'Lord love you—yes sir,' answered he; 'but you know as its prohibbylated, and so, in course, you must pay high for it.'

I had secured round my person about thirty dollars—all I had in the world; and being satisfied there would be no want of cash for the period that I might want to enjoy it, I readily promised to find the money: he whispered to one of the attendants, and the matter was arranged. The porter would cost half a dollar, and he was to keep another half dollar to himself, on account of the risk he ran in smuggling it in against orders, but he declared that it was utterly impossible for him to procure any till the next day.

'I shall die if I do not have it at once,' said I impatiently; 'do let me entreat you to get me some without delay.'

But he positively refused, and soon afterwards quitted the room.

'I cannot hold it out, Simkins,' uttered I, as tears started to my eyes; 'and, oh! I think a draught of porter would save me.'

'Well, it's a hard case, Muster——,' responded he. 'As for myself, I knows as I'm out-ard bound, and so in consequence it arn't of much matter; but you shan't slip your cable, sir, for the wants of a drop of porter, seeing as I've got a bottle under my head; but, Lord love your heart, keep a sharp look-out, and do it on the sly.'

In an instant I was on the move; the bottle was produced; but as we were without any instrument whatever, it was impossible to remove the wire that was over the cork. Simkins got a rope-yarn, and taking a round turn on the lower part of the neck, he gave me one end, whilst he held the other, and fixed the bottle between his knees.

'Now, saw wood, Muster——,' said he, 'and be as smart as you can about it; there—that's it—it will soon be hot.'

I did as I was directed; the rope-yarn rubbed with velocity against the glass; the friction caused it to get heated, and when supposed to be sufficiently so, he struck the muzzle a slight rap on the bed-stuck, and the neck broke off as clean as if it had been cut with a diamond.

'There, I knowed we should do it,' said he, with seeming glee, though he shook terribly from the exertion: 'and now, Muster——, you shall have the first bite out of it.'

I grasped the bottle, applied it to my lips, and never, in the whole course of my life, did I enjoy a sweeter draught. I then handed the bottle to him, and holding it in both of his tremulous hands, as he sat up in his bed, he raised it to his mouth. I heard the liquid gurgling down his throat with unusual noise; it was a sort of eager chuckling, as if pleased with the beverage which he persisted in swallowing. Suddenly his hands fell, his features became distorted, and he laid back upon his pillow a corpse.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the sensations that came over me on witnessing so sudden an exit, especially as I attributed it to the porter, and concluded that my own end was close at hand. Horror, remorse, and dread, took possession of my faculties, and I threw myself down on my mattrass in despair. On rising up again, I found a fresh tenant on each side of me. I had slept soundly for three hours, insensible to the removal of poor Simkins, and ignorant that the maintop-man had also breathed his last. Instead of following the example of the captain of the forecastle, I felt greatly refreshed; and whilst my money lasted, which was about eight weeks, I regulary drank half a bottle of porter a day, and continued undetected.—At last, my only remaining dollar was swallowed; and though convalescent, I was still far from being well.

It was in vain that I entreated for credit; the fellow had no creditable bowels of compassion; and though depriving me of porter might bring me to my bier, yet to my bier I might go for any thing that he cared. After the stoppage of the tap, I pined away, and gradually declined, to the great surprise of the assistant-surgeon, who had prided himself upon making a cure of me, the only one saved out of so many, with the exception of a carpenter's mate, who was recovering. The doctor was puzzled, till an attendant, who was in the secret, told him of my longing for porter. He questioned me on the subject, and I admitted the fact.

'It will most assuredly be your death if you take it,' said he, positively.

'I shall die if I don't,' said I, with equal assurance.

'It is very strange,' remarked he; 'how long have you had this desire?'

I saw it was of no use to continue concealment, so I frankly told him that I had never been a day without it since I first entered the hospital. He was some time before he would credit it; at length, however, he was convinced.

'I am a porter-drinker myself,' said he, 'but in moderation; and as you say you have accustomed yourself to it, you shall not want for your usual allowance now.'

Every day I went to his room and had my glass of porter; and a fortnight afterwards I was able to join the ship. Whether it was sheer imagination that carried me through, or the invigorating influences of the porter that made me stout, I shall leave for others to determine; but I cannot conceive that the practice is judicious, which deprives men suddenly of stimulants, after having been accustomed to them all their lives. Imagination, however, goes very far, as was instanced in the case of the carpenter's mate. At the back of the hospital was a delightful garden, with a sunk marble basin in the centre, beneath the beautiful arched branches of trees that afforded a pleasant shade; it had formerly been designed for a fountain. Whilst walking there one very hot day, Bruce expressed a wish to jump down into the water and roll about in it; but he was told if he were to do so, it would be impossible for him to survive. Still whenever we went into the garden, he would linger over the spot and reiterate his wishes. This man suffered a relapse, and was attacked with brain fever, that rendered him delirious. One night he was missing from the room, and though every search was made for him, he was nowhere to be found. In the morning I was informed of his absence, and remembering his predilection for the fountain, inquired whether they had looked for him there. I was answered in the negative, and we at once went to the place, where we found the carpenter's mate up to his neck in the water, in which he had been for several hours, and luxuriating in his cold bath. He was lifted out, carried to his bed; and being wrapped up warm, a profuse perspiration was induced; his intellects resumed their functions, the fever left him, and in another week he returned to his duty.

I have witnessed numerous other instances of a similar nature; and as for the old practice, I trust I may never see any more of it. Thank God, the surgeons of the present day, in both services, are men of superior talent; the treatment is that of rational beings; and we shall be spared the infliction of a Jack Ratlin bawling into the ears of a dying man, 'Hilloa, shipmate' howld on by the life-lines till the doctor comes.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

The story which I am about to commit to paper is substantially true. I shall not call its persons by their real names, nor shall I describe the spot of their residence so minutely as to render it easily identified. It is enough that it was on the outskirts of Liverpool, that mighty town so often erroneously called a city, which, like a rapidly spreading tree, is continually by the name of Grainger.

William Grainger was book-keeper in the office of a merchant named Gibbs, and though his salary was but one hundred per annum, many of his class looked upon him with envy; for 'old Gibbs,' though somewhat stiff and stern in his manners, stood high in the mercantile world, and was substantially kind to his clerks, seldom overworking them, or detaining them beyond one appointed hour, though he required them to be at their posts punctually, and to remain to the last allotted moment. Grainger, at the time our story commences, had been married a few months to an amiable and prudent young woman, of some personal beauty; but she had brought him no fortune, except her innate good qualities. They now resided at some distance from the centre of the town, in a small house not remarkable for beauty either as to appearance or situation, but neat and comfortable, and possessing the advantage of better air than the dwellers nearer 'business' could enjoy. It was a tall, thin tenement, newly built of ruddy brick, showing by the small dimensions allotted to the ground-floor, and the tiny garden before and yard behind, how valuable land has become in that thriving neighborhood; a kitchen in the sunk story, a small parlor, with a smaller room or rather closet behind it, and two bed-rooms above: that was all. The furniture, though exceedingly clean and neatly arranged, was as plain and unexpensive as furniture could well be; and yet there were few mansions in Liverpool that contained such a happy couple as William and Mary Grainger.

It was a beautiful July evening, succeeding to a sultry day, when Mrs. Grainger sat alone in her little parlor. She had been busy all day with her household duties; for she kept no servant, except a little girl, who went home every evening; and she had just dressed herself with great neatness, and sat down to needlework.—Her spotless muslin dress and smoothly-braided hair, together with the appearance of the tea-table, which, besides the usual tea-things, displayed a plate of sliced ham and another of salad, might have indicated that she expected a visitor. But Mary Grainger only waited for her husband; and she would not have dressed for the most splendid ball with half the satisfaction with which she had made these simple preparations for his reception. And as she plied her needle, she wondered in her heart if the whole wide world contained another creature so happy as herself; for Mary, with all her simplicity, was a thoughtful woman, gentle, and contented, and pious. Her husband was her world, the centre round which all her earthly hopes and affections revolved; the being, to the promotion of whose happiness and comfort all her employments were directed. Her life was full of gentle happiness even in his absence; for from the moment of his bidding her farewell in the morning, till his return at night, she was looking forward to that return, and busying herself in employments of which he was to reap the benefit.

The clock struck six, and Mary laid down her work and prepared the tea, that her husband might not have to wait for his refreshment after his walk through the dusty streets. Five, or at farthest ten minutes after six, was the time at which experience taught her she might depend on his arrival; but on this occasion the ten minutes extended to twenty, the twenty to half an hour, and still he did not make his appearance. Mary went to the gate of the little garden, and looked anxiously along the road; but though several persons were there, the figure she would have known amongst a thousand had not yet appeared.

Seven o'clock! Since their marriage, such a delay as this had never happened, and Mary grew uneasy; and with mingled thoughts of possible accidents, and tea spoiled by long standing, the young wife fidgeted from the parlor to the gate, and back again, for another half hour. Then her heart leaped joyfully up as her straining eyes descried him afar off coming hurriedly on; and in a few minutes they were seated together at the tea-table, and Mary Grainger was happy again.

But long before tea was over, Mary discovered that her husband was more silent and absent than usual, and was convinced that, to use a common phrase, he had 'something on his mind.' Coupling his demeanor with his long absence, her fears were alive again; and after a little cross-questioning, such as the fair sex know so well how to apply, she succeeded in drawing his secret from him.

'I did not intend to tell you at present, love,' he said, 'in case there should be any disappointment, but I see you are frightening yourself about nothing, so I had better let you into the secret. In the first place, I believe I am going to leave Mr. Gibbs.'

'Leave Mr. Gibbs!' exclaimed Mary in alarm. 'Oh William, what have you done to offend him!—what on earth will become of us?'

'Do not be so easily terrified, Mary,' replied Granger; 'I have no quarrel with Mr. Gibbs, or he with me; if I leave, it will be at my own wish, and for my own advantage. In fact, he mentioned the thing to me at first, and said he had no wish to part with me, but thought it a pity to stand in the way of my getting a better situation. Now, only listen, Mary; only think of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year! Patchett and Adams have just lost their principal clerk, and with Mr. Gibbs' good word, it will be my own fault, I believe, if I do not fill his place.'

'My dear William!'

'My darling Mary!'—and then came the hearty embrace and the tears of joy; and then, as their emotion somewhat subsided, they sat hand in hand by the little flower-blinded window, and talked delightedly over their brightening prospects.

'There is one drawback, however,' said Granger, when they were reckoning up the advantages of the new situation; 'the hours are longer, and I am not so sure of always getting away at half-past five. Of course, we shall have to live further in town, which will scarcely be so pleasant.'

'Then we must leave our little home!' exclaimed Mary regretfully; and as with rapid memory she recalled the happy months she had passed there, and the various little improvements and embellishments which her own hands had executed, the splendor of Messrs. Patchett and Adams' offer seemed shorn of half its beams. But the feeling passed away as rapidly as it had arisen, and she listened to Granger's anticipations of a larger house, and a more efficient servant, and various additions in the way of furniture, with highly complacent feelings.

There was no check or hindrance in the way of Grainger's expected preferment; and as he was required to enter on his new duties at once, Mary set herself seriously to work to find a suitable house. She was so fortunate as to meet with one immediately in a street which, whilst it was tolerably airy and quiet, was much nearer the office of Messrs. Patchett and Adams than their former dwelling. It was, indeed, a very good house, and at a moderate rent for its size, though more than twice as expensive as the one they quitted. It was in one of those many streets once fashionable, but now deserted by the aristocracy of trade for 'villas' and 'terraces' in the suburbs. Mary could not quite subdue a pang at her heart when she saw her little cottage home dismantled of its furniture, which looked poor and scanty enough in the apartments of their new dwelling. But a few days sufficed to put things in order; and new curtains, new carpets and a handsome bookcase, went far towards reconciling Mary to the change. One thing, indeed, annoyed her: most of these articles were unpaid for at present, and she could not but remember that, most trifling article on credit [illegible] had combatted her scruples by reminding her that they should soon be able to pay all these debts, and that, though whilst they were 'buried' in the small house they could do as they pleased, it was now politic to make a respectable appearance. Mary tried to be convinced, and argued with herself that they were surely justified in obtaining anything for which they were certain of paying by and by, especially as it had been explained to the tradesmen who supplied these articles that their demands could not be satisfied till a certain time should have elapsed. But still there was a lurking feeling in her mind that they were beginning on a wrong principle, and that lurking feeling had more truth in it than the most specious argument. All beginnings of evil habits are dangerous, and the habit of going into debt most so—the most likely to gather strength as it grows. The fatal facility thus afforded for supplying not only the real, but fancied want or whim of the moment, rivets link after link to its enslaving chain, until care and anxiety, and mental and bodily disease, at length begin to make their fatal inroads on the self-doomed victim. A faint phantasm of such misery arose for a moment in Mrs. Grainger's mind, but on her husband's it cast no shadow; new hopes had awakened new ambitions in his heart, and, strong in the consciousness of his own cleverness, and the good opinion of those with whom he was connected in business, he had no fears for the future.—The cloud had been lifted up from his path; he considered that he had patiently abided his time; and, now the gate of worldly prosperity was opening to him, he looked eagerly forward to better prospects still. It was in vain that Mary gently attempted to check the growth of the golden visions that floated too vividly before the sanguine mind of her once contented husband. He was fully persuaded that he was born to be a rich and great merchant, and, in his fondness for gazing on that distant prospect, he overlooked in a great degree the present means of happiness around him. It is the common history of life; we are ever looking forward, and neglecting the attainable enjoyments around us. Thus through youth and manhood: and in age, a regretful looking back to times and opportunities when we might have been happier and more useful. Do we not all, more or less, pursue the shadow at the expense of the substance?

The birth of a son only increased William Grainger's desire for riches and advancement. Immediately after this event, a legacy of five hundred pounds was most unexpectedly bequeathed to Mrs. Grainger by a distant relation, of whose earthly existence she had scarcely been aware until it had terminated. She was but just recovering from her confinement, and was bathed in tears of gratitude at these glad tidings, while in her simplicity she thanked the good God who, in sending her helpless babe into the world, had given her something to assist him in his struggle through it; for her affectionate and motherly heart at once dedicated this acquisition to the purposes of his education, should he live to require it, and without hesitation she named her wish to her husband. He did not reply to her for some moments, and when he did, it was not with the ready sympathy in her feelings on the subject which she had expected. He thought the money could be better applied. The command of a few hundreds just then would afford him the opportunity of embarking in a concern in which he was convinced money might be made rapidly. He did not require to resign his situation—only to advance a small sum: and would it not be foolish to lose such an excellent opportunity? There was something plausible enough in the statement, and though Mary felt it rather hard to give up her first intention, she did not hesitate long; for what will not woman do to gratify the man she loves? The money, therefore, was placed at his disposal, though Mary much wished that, before risking it in business, they should be freed from their lately-contracted debts. Great was her disappointment when she found her earnest entreaty had not been complied with. 'The bills I have given for these things,' Grainger said, 'are not yet due, and where is the good of paying beforehand, and losing the use of the money for so long?—Do, dearest Mary, leave all these things to my judgment; you know I always act for the best, and what do women know of business?' Mary thought in her heart that, if she knew nothing of business, she at least knew something of justice and prudence; but she was timid in spirit, and said no more, trying to comfort herself with the hope that all would be well.—From that time she asked no questions; but as the time drew on when the first bill for fifty pounds would fall due, she grew anxious and uneasy, and her delicate cheek grew paler and thinner than ever. Two days, however, before the payment must be made, Grainger entered the dining-room so much flushed and excited, that all her fears would have been aroused afresh, had not his countenance been so redolent of joy.

'Now, Mary,' he cried, 'now own that I was right! Your five hundred pounds has been a lucky legacy, for it has produced about fifteen hundred. I was rather alarmed for the result of my speculation a week ago; but 'all's well that ends well,' and there is nothing more to fear. I've lodged the amount of the bill that I know you have been thinking of; so come to Bold street, and choose the best silk in W——'s shop; you want a new dress, I know, and now is your time to get it.'

'But, William,' said Mary anxiously, 'there is something I must say to you before we go—My five hundred pounds, it *was* mine, darling, was it not?' She faltered as she saw the smile fading from his face.

'Of course it was yours,' he replied hastily; 'what more have you to say about it?'

'Why, dear, don't be displeased, but only that I would like five hundred pounds put into some bank or safe place to pay for little Clement's education; won't you oblige me, love?' she continued more timidly, as she observed a cloud gathering on his brow.

'Indeed, Mary,' he answered, 'I would try to do as you wish, if I did not know it is better for you that I should not. If five hundred pounds can be multiplied in a short time, as you must be convinced it can, would it not be a pity to let so much lie idle at a miserable bank interest, for a purpose for which it cannot be wanted for years to come, if at all?'

The quick tears gushed into Mary's eyes at the conclusion of this speech. Was he, then, already calculating the chances of that dear child's life or death as a matter of business?—He perceived her emotion, and hastened to amend his error.

'I did not mean, my love, to fret you, believe me,' said he; 'but you *must* know there *are* such chances as that I alluded to, and should our beloved boy be spared to us, I hope we shall not lack a paltry five hundred pounds to educate him.'

'You thought it a *large* sum just now, William.'

'And so it is, Mary, to us at present; I do but speak comparatively. A few healthy grains of wheat are important at seed-time, but how do they stand when the barns are full after harvest?' And Mary once more suffered herself to be persuaded, if not convinced, so that William Grainger could now commence business with a capital of more than fourteen hundred pounds. It seemed an auspicious beginning, but more than this—more even than natural cleverness and industry—is required to make a prosperous ending. Mary comforted herself with the idea that he still retained his situation, which, producing them a certain income, promised the supply of their actual wants whatever might be the fate players, he became less punctual, less cheerful, and less respectful in his manners; and Messrs. Patchett and Adams at length felt themselves obliged to intimate that they thought it better that their business should be conducted by some one who had fewer private matters to attend to. The hint was sufficient; Grainger immediately threw up his situation, took an office of his own, and did not inform his wife of the step he had taken until the arrangement was completed. The announcement of this change smote upon Mary's heart like the knell of peace and comfort. Whilst her husband was rejoicing in his *independence*, she had lost all sense of liberty. It was in vain that he gave her permission to order what she would in the way of dress and furniture; and when she declined to obtain such things on credit, poured money into her purse for that purpose. She felt as if she had no longer a right to spend a shilling without an absolute necessity, as if the *uncertainty* of their fortunes ought to check them in all needless expenditure. At her earnest entreaty, however, the debts contracted when they first came to reside in their new house, were paid off, and her mind was relieved from one great anxiety; though Grainger said something about the folly of paying away money which might be better employed, and laughed at her fears, which he imputed to her utter ignorance of business. A few months went by, and William Grainger began to be spoken of as a man of some note in the commercial world. A few years passed, and he rated amongst the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool. He had removed long since to a more fashionable part of the town, and latterly to a beautiful villa three or four miles from it, where, surrounded by every luxury that could be devised, Mary Grainger lived a quiet and secluded life. There were many reasons for this. Her health was not robust, she had no love for show and company, and seldom appeared at the magnificent dinner parties which her husband frequently gave, and she had a continued tie to home in the care required by her second child, a beautiful but very delicate girl of thirteen. Feeble from her infancy, and possessing at once the beauty and the fragility of a flower, Ellen Grainger had lived in a perpetual atmosphere of tender cares and gentle nursing, without which her sickly constitution must long since have failed. She was now threatened with disease of the spine, and needed a double portion of the unfailing attention her mother bestowed on her. Mrs. Grainger's thoughts, indeed, seldom ranged beyond that sick-room, except when they took flight to the public school, where her other treasure, her darling Clement, was already winning such laurels as may there be gathered. Business was a subject on which she now seldom spoke or thought. Years of continued prosperity had given her a sort of quiet confidence that all was well; and her husband never troubled her with details of his affairs. She did not know anything of his gains and losses, his daring speculations, his hair-breadth escapes, or her mind would have been in a perpetual fever of apprehension. She was like one who, travelling in the dark, passes fearlessly by precipices and pitfalls, which, had the journey been performed by day, would have produced extreme terror. But there was one day in the year when her thoughts returned again and again to a contemplation of worldly things, though perhaps less vividly than in former years: it was on the anniversary of the day when her husband first brought to their little cottage the news of his hoped-for promotion. She had ever considered this day sacred, and kept it so; and she could have no more forgotten it, than she could have ceased to recall to mind the anniversary of her marriage, or the dates of her children's births. The 17th of July always witnessed her devoting some hours in the retirement of her own chamber to reflection, to prayer, and sometimes to tears. And there were regrets, too,—not painful but gentle and pensive ones—mingling with her memory of the past. Prosperous as their course had been, it ever seemed to her that all the long years of rising wealth and importance had brought her no such pure and unmixed happiness as the few short months immediately succeeding to her marriage which she had spent in that small cottage. It was difficult to believe that she was the same wife who had gone so meekly and cheerfully about her household toils, and felt so contented in her comparative poverty. It was even more difficult to indentify her husband with the young open-hearted man who came home so regularly to that little dwelling, and, casting by the cares of the day, as things he could throw aside at will, was ready to sing, or talk, or walk with her, making her the spring of all his simple pleasures. Now, he was a careful, cautious man, hoarding up secrets which were not for her, but which, if his lips were silent about them, spoke of their nature in the firmly-closed mouth, the lines furrowing the once smooth brow, and the gray already sprinkling the dark hair. So that anniversary ever brought with it a strange mingling of pleasure and pain; and never did she so completely feel the force of the beautiful petition, 'In all *time of our wealth*, Good Lord, deliver us!' as on these occasions.

It was on the sixteenth of these anniversaries that Mary was sitting alone, according to her wont, having stolen an hour from her attendance on her invalid child, that her custom might not be broken. Her husband returned home somewhat earlier than usual, and knocking at the door of her dressing-room, requested admission. She had that morning reminded him that this was 'the memorable day;' but she had scarcely expected that he would remember it for a moment after quitting the house, still less that he would recur to it in the evening. But he entered on the subject at once, and kissing her affectionately, told her that, having this day concluded a strict examination of his affairs, he found that, free of every engagement, he was master of fifty thousand pounds. 'The few grains, Mary, the five hundred you were so afraid to risk, have, indeed, produced a golden harvest,' said he; 'if so small a sum has been thus fruitful, what may not be done with a large one? Who can say what shall be the limit of the future wealth and consequence of William Grainger?' But Mary had less extensive views for the future. She earnestly wished that her husband should secure this well-won wealth from future risk, and, withdrawing from business, or only following it on a moderate scale, allow them to enjoy as much happiness as they might for the remainder of their days. Grainger scouted the very idea of such a theory. 'What! in the prime of my life turn clod-hopper! In the very flush of success shut myself out from all active employment, or drone along in a beaten path, whilst those who are now leagues behind me shall outstrip me on the wings of enterprise!'

'But, my dearest William, you need *not* be idle. Think how much you might improve this place if you would attend to it, and what good you might do with your wealth and influence in a neighborhood like this.'

'Time enough for that, my dear, in another twenty years, or when the fifty thousand is trebled. You women have such queer notions about happiness.'

'Oh, William! surely you cannot have forgotten the cottage and how *very* happy we were there?'

'The cottage! oh yes; it was all very well *then*, but scarcely good enough for our pig-stye now; people must live according to their means, my dear. I don't think, Mary, you would like such a mean little hole yourself *now*.'

Mary did not reply, but a flood of strange feeling rushed over her mind,—a loving regret for that little cottage—a feeling as if a friend had been [illegible] spoken of who should have loved Ellen, had been removed to a better world, and Clement was preparing for college, being by his own desire designed for the church. He was a gentle, thoughtful youth, with more of the temper of his mother than his father, partaking, too, of her delicacy of constitution; and though Grainger sighed over the disappointment of the hopes he had formed respecting his son—who, he had trusted, would be his assistant and successor—he yielded to the boy's earnest desire, from a conviction that he was not fitted for business. He had now embarked in some speculations which less daring spirits would have deemed extremely perilous; but his gains, and those of the adventurous few who had joined him, would be immense in the event of success, and Grainger could not, dared not think of any other end to his experiment. His brow grew gloomy, his manner, especially to M

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 5, 1844.

REPORT.

[We are happy to lay before our readers the following interesting Report read by the Secretary of the Boston Female Asylum, at the 44th annual meeting of the members of that Institution.]

Appearances in our immediate neighborhood indicate, that change, seriously affecting our establishment, have taken place since our last meeting. Before entering on any details respecting these we would, however, make grateful acknowledgments for those things that have remained unchanged—the general health and welfare of our family—the continued superintendence and faithful care of our long tried matron and teacher, and the general prosperity of the Institution.

During the year seven children have been admitted.* Ten have been placed out. Of this latter number, five were permitted to leave before the usual age, as they were taken by highly respectable persons with the intention of bringing them up as their own children. Three have, on reaching the age of twelve years, been returned to their mothers, who have been able to take charge of them; and two, with perhaps as good a prospect of being well provided for, have been placed at service in good families. Six of those placed out in former years have completed their apprenticeship: of most of these we have excellent reports, and all are doing well, and able to maintain themselves respectably.—Sixty are now in the house.

At the last annual meeting you passed a vote authorizing the Board of Managers, both to sell and to purchase real estate: as it was foreseen that there might be a necessity for such proceedings. The committee of gentlemen then named have kindly continued their services, and accomplished the following important objects. A large lot of land, pleasantly situated on Washington Street, and remarkably adapted to the wants of the Institution, was bought. This purchase is considered in every respect a most advantageous one. To meet the payment of our land, it was necessary to withdraw Twenty eight thousand dollars from the funds of the Institution, leaving hardly sufficient for the interest to defray its current expenses. The sale of the estate now occupied then remained our only resource for building our new house. But besides that this was insufficient, the old Asylum could not be sold, till a new one was provided. And this new one must of necessity be large and built in a manner to make it safe, commodious and durable—in a word it must be built thoroughly—and this could not be done cheaply. How was this contingency to be met?—The gentlemen of the Committee advised an appeal to some of those liberal persons of our city, who are able, and were believed willing, to aid the Institution at this juncture, and thus place it on a safe and permanent footing. At the same time they gave the names of five gentlemen, who offered, if this appeal were made, to give each one thousand dollars as a subscription. This proposal and most generous offer were gratefully accepted. A circular was written, of which 200 copies were printed, and distributed at the discretion of the Committee, who afterward collected subscriptions amounting to Twenty-five thousand dollars. This has enabled them to erect a building such as was designed: not aiming at elegance, but meant to be secure, appropriate and respectable. So far as it is completed we believe these ends to be accomplished. The Asylum house has not so much the appearance of a public building, as to lose its domestic character; and yet may be easily recognized as designed for a larger than any private family.

The Institution will now be provided with a permanent abode; and we hope will be left with a fund sufficient for meeting its future wants.—But a new house will bring at first many expenses in furnishing and preparing it. The grounds, which are ample, in order to afford air and room for exercise, will need to be put in order; and it is desirable to have them so laid out and ornamented with shrubbery, as to be agreeable to the eye as well as conducive to health. As we have been so generously supplied with the means of doing that which the necessities of the Institution seemed to demand, the managers propose to make some exertion on their own part to add those embellishments, for which however appropriate and agreeable, they would not feel authorized to use those funds strictly devoted to the wants of charity. They have therefore thought, on the removal of the family to the new house, which is hoped may be toward the latter part of December—to increase the usual annual sale of the children's work by contributions of their own, and to hold an orphan's sale for the purposes of furnishing the house and laying out the grounds. To promote this object, they will gladly receive aid from any friends who may think well of the proposal. As this removal is a kind of era in our Institution, it is wished to collect about it as many objects of interest as possible. One of the most important seems to be to obtain all the information we can, respecting those who have been received into the Asylum, from its foundation to the present time. If the notice could be given to all these, and each who can would send for the proposed sale some little article, with the name of the donor and any information respecting herself that she may choose to add, it would not only afford gratification, but be a means of ascertaining to some extent the effects of the Institution. It is as a memorial, and not for its intrinsic value, that the contribution is asked; and a needle-book or pincushion would fulfil its purpose as well as a larger gift. Will every lady present have the goodness to convey this notice to any one within her knowledge who has formerly been an 'Asylum girl.'

Another advantage hoped from this sale is, that it may attract as visitors to the Asylum many who are now comparatively ignorant of its character and the advantages it offers; and that those who can conveniently do it, may be induced to become members of the Society. By the payment of three dollars a year, or fifty for a life subscription, a lady may become a proprietor in this large establishment; entitled to an influence in its management, and to privileges in the putting in and placing out of children. In our new house there will be room for a larger number, and we desire to extend the knowledge of the Institution and an interest in it, that more destitute children may be brought to receive its benefits. That there are many such children no one will doubt, who sees the neglected looking little girls, with ragged clothing, unwashed faces, and uncombed hair, who collect about every place where there is a chance for them to collect chips, and who are sometimes begging at our doors. Should not an interest be felt to bring such, if they have not father and mother to take care of them, to this home, where they may be taught the knowledge of God and his Son Jesus Christ, be prepared for duty and usefulness in this life, and for happiness in that which is to come? More subscribers are wanted to attend these Annual Meetings; to choose their Board of Managers, and sustain them in their responsible office. The Institution is now a large one; it needs the support, and invites the participation of many. At the first, and for many years, the subscribers were about 300. This number, from natural and obvious causes, not at all affecting the general estimation in which the Asylum is held, has gradually diminished till it is now reduced to 67.

The Treasurer will be prepared to receive the names of the new subscribers that we hope may be offered when our new house shall be opened.

Till our next meeting we postpone all financial report. As the cost of the building, the amount received from the old estate and the general state of the funds, will then be ascertained.

Sept. 24, 1844.

*It has accidentally happened that this number is unusually small: the year preceding, seventeen were admitted.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SOMERVILLE.

The ceremony at the laying of the cornerstone of the edifice now in process of erection by the First Religious Society in Somerville, took place last Saturday afternoon. The day was cool, and the afternoon more so; exposure to the open air and an easterly wind, on a hill top, beneath overcast heavens, being somewhat unfavorable to the full enjoyment of the occasion. A large concourse of people was present, chiefly of those whose residences are in the immediate neighborhood. The building is to stand upon a high stone basement, covered on the front by the steps. A delicate and well proportioned spire will rise to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. The front of the Church will be very beautiful, relieved by architectural projections, by heavy mouldings and by fluted columns. It is the present intention of the builders to complete the structure externally this winter, but, on account of the condition of the ground, the laying out of new streets, and the partial completion of the dwelling-houses around, it is not contemplated that the edifice will be used for public worship until next May. A commendable feeling prevails among those concerned in its erection.

The following was the Order of Exercises.

ORDER OF EXERCISES,

At the Laying of the Corner Stone of the

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SOMERVILLE, MASS.,

On Saturday, Sept. 28, 1844.

Prayer, by Rev. H. Lambert, of East Cambridge.

Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Wm. Newell, of Cambridge.

Hymn.

Reading of the Inscription on the Plate, and Remarks, by Rev. G. E. Ellis, of Charlestown.

Address, by Rev. R. M. Hodges, of Cambridge.

Prayer, by Rev. G. E. Ellis, of Charlestown.

Hymn.

Benediction.

The leaden box deposited in a cavity of the corner stone, contained several papers and documents relating to Charlestown and Somerville, their Schools, Churches, &c., together with the religious and secular journals of the week, and a silver plate, eight inches by five.

COPY OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE SILVER PLATE DEPOSITED IN THE STONE.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS,

Erected for the Worship of God the Father.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, *Jesus Christ* himself being the chief corner Stone."

The Town of Somerville was Incorporated March 3d, 1842.

The first Religious Society was Constituted August 22d, 1844.

The Corner Stone of this Church was laid with Religious Ceremonies, September 28th, 1844.

Jacob Mudge and Ezra Sleeper, of Boston, *Donors of the Land.*

Guy C. Hawkins, George O. Brastow, John W. Mulliken, *Building Committee.*

Richard Bond, Architect; Louis C. Edgerly, Builder.

The regular religious Services of the Society for whom the edifice is erected, are still continued in the Engine house upon the Cambridge road.

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN LOWELL.

The efforts which are made for the moral and religious improvement of Cities, constitute one of the brightest features of the present age. Among these efforts the agency of a 'Ministry at large' has been tried, and with encouraging success. Such a Ministry has been established in Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, as also in London, Liverpool, and Bristol, England. Its object is, as its name implies, to bring all those under Christian influences who are not connected with any existing religious society. Its instrument for doing this is a Minister, set apart exclusively for this service, supported by a stated salary to be paid by others than those for whom he is to labor, whose duty it shall be to visit those who are under the care of no religious Teacher, to address them in tones of Christian kindness, to give them sympathy and counsel, to encourage them to attend public worship at places where their religious partialities may lead them, or if they have no preference for other churches, to invite them and their children to his Chapel, that the latter may be gathered into a Sunday School and that the former may attend upon preaching specially adapted to their condition and wants.

For several years a conviction has been entertained that Lowell is a place where such a Ministry is needed. It is believed that there are hundreds of persons in this city who rarely attend public worship, and are the objects of no particular pastoral care. Some, in straitened circumstances, find it difficult to pay for seats in our churches. Others move to the city entire strangers to all, and, without any special interest in any religious Society, soon acquire the habit of neglecting to visit the house of God. Beside these, there are the unbelieving who stand aloof, the thoughtless who have gone out of the way, and the indifferent who care for none of things. We see in our streets, every Sunday, adults and children who do not spend the holy Sabbath in a manner which they themselves will prefer, when they have heard the voice, and have been the objects of the attention of a kind Christian Friend.

Under the influence of these considerations it has been decided to establish a Ministry at large in Lowell. The Rev. Crawford Nightingale has been appointed to this office, and the Hamilton Hall on Middlesex street has been secured as his Chapel. A Sunday School will here be established, which will be held every Sunday, and regular public worship will be there conducted which will be free to all who choose to attend. To that Chapel all who are not now connected with other churches are affectionately and urgently invited, with the assurance that they shall find Christian counsel, sympathy and kindness, 'without money, and without price.'

The following principles are here set forth as those by which it is intended that this Ministry shall be conducted.

1. It shall not interfere with any existing religious Society whatever.

2. Its design is not to promote the interests of any party or sect, but to carry Christian influences to those who are not reached by them in the present condition of society.

3. The preaching at this Chapel shall not be of a Sectarian, nor of a Controversial character, but shall enforce the Christianity which is common to all sects—the Christianity of love to God and love to man.

4. The Pulpit of this Chapel shall be open to exchanges with all Ministers who may be willing to give this expression of Christian sympathy and fellowship.

5. The Minister at large shall devote his whole time to visiting and preaching; he shall aid and assist in the distribution of the charities to the disposal of which he may be invited; he shall see that the children, who are the proper subjects of his care, attend schools, both those of the week day and of Sundays; he shall be ready to give advice which will promote temperance, industry, economy, and a provident management of worldly affairs; and, above all shall labor to make all whom he may influence, to be good citizens, lovers of goodness and of its only perfect example on earth, Jesus the Savior, and of the great and good God, our common Father in Heaven.

These are the principles on which we would base this Ministry at large. We would establish it as a permanent Institution of Charity and Religion. We hope that it may not be without its deep and salutary influence in forming the character of our youthful and beloved city. Conscious ourselves of pure motives we would invite the co-operation and kind wishes of our fellow Christians of all denominations. For our undertaking we would ask their prayers, and would ourselves implore the blessing of Almighty God.

HENRY A. MILES,
JOHN CLARK,
DAVID DANA,
JAMES G. CARNEY,
HAZEN ELLIOTT,
HAPGOOD WRIGHT,
ABNER W. BUTTRICK,
FRANKLIN FORBES,
} Managers.

Lowell, September 1, 1844.

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN LOWELL.

The Rev. Crawford Nightingale, the late appointed Minister at Large in Lowell, has resigned his office. The following preamble and vote, passed by the Managers of that Ministry, is a statement of his reasons for this step, and of their personal feelings towards him.

"Whereas the Rev. Crawford Nightingale has resigned his office as Minister at Large in this city, on the ground that further reflection has convinced him that this is not such a Ministry as he prefers: therefore, voted, that in accepting Mr. Nightingale's resignation we relinquish with great regret the hopes he had encouraged; that we appreciate the entire frankness and sense of justice by which his course has been governed; and that in exonerating him from any blame we offer him the expression of our kind wishes."

THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

The increasing circulation of this periodical is a gratifying evidence, not only of the favor with which it is regarded, but also of the enlarging circle of the readers of Unitarian publications, and of a growing taste for the literature of our denomination.

We have been pleased with the manner in which it has been conducted. There is usually a pleasing variety in the contents,—amongst which may be regularly found a useful compendium of religious and moral intelligence. The publication of a sermon in each number makes the Magazine take the place of a continuation of the Liberal Preacher, and adds greatly to its value.

The following is the table of contents of the issue for October.

CONTENTS.

The Lord's Prayer; Glimpses from a City Window; The Eucharist; The Safe Way; Moses the Type of the True Reformer—A Sermon; The Departure of Summer; The Berkshire Jubilee.—*Intelligence.* Installation at Chelsea, Mass.; Commencement Week at Cambridge; Salem Fair; Infidelity; Mormonism; Millerism.

The Sermon is by Rev. Mr. Burnap, of Baltimore, and will reward any one for an attentive perusal. 'Glimpses from a City-Window' is the fifth number of a series of lively sketches, interspersed with moral reflections bearing the same title. The remaining articles are interesting and well written.

UNITARIAN SOCIETY IN LEOMINSTER.

Resolutions of the First Congregational Church at Leominster, on the removal of Rev. Mr. Stebbins to Meadville.

A copy of the Sermons delivered by Rev. R. P. Stebbins on the last Sabbath of his ministry at Leominster, (Sept. 15) has come into our hands. Not being published, we do not feel at liberty to make extracts from them. They are eminently plain spoken, direct and interesting. A ministry of seven years, with its light trials well surmounted, and with its great success, is briefly reviewed. Mr. Stebbins defines the principles of action with which he entered upon his work, and the kind of opposition which he encountered, and the manner in which he surmounted it. After a summary of those rapidly growing statistics which are gathered from a Church record, and a statement of the philanthropic position and inward harmony of his Society, he tells his former people what sort of a successor they must seek for, and then takes of them a most affectionate and touching farewell.

The following are the Resolutions passed by the Society on the removal of their Pastor.

At a legal meeting of the members of the First Congregational Society in Leominster, held on the twenty-sixth day of August, in the year 1844, the following resolutions were adopted, viz.:

'*Resolved*, That the dissolution of the connection of this society with their highly esteemed pastor, the Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, is deeply afflictive to its members, alleviated only by the consideration of the christian duty of self-sacrifice for the general good of pure religion, and the prospect of his greater usefulness in the higher calling of preparing young men for the christian ministry.

'*Resolved*, That the thanks of this society be presented to the Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, for the ability, industry, faithfulness, zeal, and devotedness, with which he has discharged all his parochial duties, while he has been our minister.

'*Resolved*, That our tenderest sympathy and good wishes for their health, prosperity, happiness and usefulness, wil accompany the Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins and his lady, wherever they may go.

'*Resolved*, That their virtues, and the pleasant and agreeable intercourse and associations which have taken place, while they have resided among us, will be indelibly impressed on our memories. And may God go with them and bless them, and make them the instruments of great good to the people among whom they may sojourn.'

A true copy,—Attest,

LUKE LINCOLN, } Clerk of the first Congregational society in Leominster.

MONUMENT TO DR. CHANNING.

Another objec of hallowed interest to very many persons, citizens and foreigners, has now found its place in the cemetery at Mount Auburn. To the monuments of Buckminster, Worcester and Kirkland, is now added that of Channing. Tuckerman and Ware have, as yet, no memorial there, over their remains. The monument to Dr. Channing, which has just been completed and set in its place, is a large rectangular table stone of marble, surmounted by a small and graceful urn. On one side is the following simple inscription.

'IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

honored throughout Christendom for his eloquence and courage in maintaining and advancing the Great Cause of Truth, Religion, and Human Freedom, this monument is gratefully and reverently erected, by the Christian Society of which, during nearly forty years, he was Pastor.'

On the other side is the following.

HERE REST THE REMAINS OF

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

Born 7th April, 1780, at Newport, Rhode Island; ordained 1st June, 1803, as a Minister of Jesus Christ to the Society worshipping God in Federal Street, Boston.

Died 2d October, 1842, while on a journey, at Bennington, Vermont.

NEW WORK ON THE RESURRECTION.

Rev. George Bush, Professor of Hebrew in the New York City University, well known as a thorough Hebrew scholar, and as the author of several learned expositions of the Prophecies, of the Book of Judges, &c., has in press a work for whose appearance we look with considerable interest. It is upon a subject which, a century since, engaged the pens of many European scholars, but which of late has scarcely been kept out in the prominence which its serious importance will justify. When the work appears—it is promised in the course of this month, —we shall hasten to give our readers an account of it. In the meanwhile we take the following statement of the subject and method of the volume from the New York 'New World,' the Editor of which has been favored with a sight of the Introduction.

'In the forthcoming volume, he proposes to bring to the test of reason and revelation the accredited doctrine of the *Resurrection of the Body.* Assuming this to be, in some sense or other, the positive creed of Christendom, Prof. B. enters upon the consideration of it first upon Physiological grounds, and aims to show that the admitted fact of the constant flux of particles in our present bodies throws an insuperable bar in the way of the resurrection of the same bodies, inasmuch as the very idea of *sameness* is precluded by the evanescent nature of the subject. The conceded fact, moreover, that the constituent elements of our bodies are incessantly passing into new and multifarious combinations, animal and vegetable, presents another objection, which he affirms tho' often urged has never been answered. The difficulty lies in establishing a conceivable *relation* between the body that dies and the body that is raised. This, he maintains, on the common view is impossible, without the actual re-gathering and re-construction of the dispersed relics of the original structure; and this, if it were effected, would constitute a *material* and not a *spiritual* body, which revelation affirms to be the body of the resurrection. This point is argued with the greatest acuteness and ingenuity. The learned Professor displays in this portion of his work an aptitude for metaphysical speculation which we were scarcely prepared to expect, even from the power he has already shown as a Biblical critic.

After a chapter devoted to the consideration of the *identity* of the present and the future body, in which he maintains an all-important distinction between the identity of the *body* and the identity of the *person*, the author proceeds to the development of his own theory, which is that of *the elimination at death of a spiritual body by a natural law*, as truly as the butterfly is developed from the chrysalis of the caterpillar. This transition from the one organization to the other constitutes the essential truth of the resurrection, which cannot possibly be viewed apart from the *vitalprocesses.* He here enters a field of absorbing interest, and carries his reader irresistibly along with an unbroken chain of argumentation, to the main conclusion.

Thus far the *rational* argument. Prof. B. then proceeds to the scriptural testimony; and here the learned author is completely at home. We have seldom, if ever, seen a finer specimen of logical power applied to the elucidation of Scripture. He contends, in the first place, that the term '*resurrection*' itself, rightly interpreted, conveys no intimation of the revival of the dead body, but indicates the great fact of *future life*, of *immortality;* and then enters upon an extended critical examination of all the important passages in the Old and New Testament touching upon the doctrine in question. The grand result to which he comes is, that revelation affords as little countenance to the doctrine as reason, and that we are really shut up to the conviction that the resurrection-state ensues immediately upon the abandonment of the gross tabernacle of the flesh. The objections to this view which might be urged from the relations of this dogma to the cognate topics of the Judgment, the Second Advent, &c. he handles with equal ability; sweeping away the very foundations on which the popular delusions of Millerism are built.

We have given above but a very imperfect sketch of this most original and able work. It is replete with new ideas, and with the most cogent and conclusive reasoning. It must inevitably, if its positions be sound, put a new phasis upon the exhibition of the great sanctions of religion, while at the same time there is not the slightest detraction from the moral power of the doctrine as usually held. He leaves the great truths of *Resurrection* and *Retribution* in their integrity, and aims to present both in such a light as to clothe them with new efficiency in the machinery of human motives.'

Four things a Christian should especially labor after, viz: to be humble and thankful, watchful and cheerful.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Brownson's Quarterly Review. No. IV. October, 1844. Boston: Published by B. H. Greene.

Punctual to its appointed day of publication Mr. Brownson presents us with the fourth number of his fresh and vigorous Review. We regard this work as the most striking and noteworthy literary curiosity of the age. After all his previous labors, and the many voluminous political, religious, philosophical and ethical papers which he has published in his former magazine (the Boston Quarterly) in the Christian Examiner and the Democratic Review, he is equal to the work which he has now in hand. For one year, now just closed, he has produced from his own well exercised brain, the contents of four thick pamphlets, making 558 large octavo pages, on some of the most profound and perplexed themes. He has had no help; he does not even to any great extent avail himself of the liberty of filling a few of his pages with quotations; he certainly is not chargeable with *repeating himself.* For vigor of mind, for originality of thought, for wonderful command of strong, clear and expressive language, and for great richness and beauty of illustration, we know not his superior among our writers. Unexpected and complete success has followed upon his laborious exertions. A large subscription list shows the interest which he has turned toward himself, and invites him to hope for even a larger and fuller distinction by continued efforts. In a note at the close of this number, he says, that his 'general theological, moral and political theories must be looked upon as fixed;' he has found a resting place, the repose which the heart has sought. He means that in the Roman Catholic Church he has now dropped his anchor and shall wander no more. As to his assertion that he has found rest, he must allow us respectfully to doubt—not his conviction of the fact, but the fact itself; such a man as he is, can find no rest, but what he finds on the wing.

The first article which invited our perusal was 'Fourierism repugnant to Christianity.' In a previous number of his Quarterly, in an article entitled 'no Church, no Reform,' Mr. Brownson had charged upon Fourierism, and to our satisfaction had proved, that it was of unchristian spirit and tendency, that with a wild and fanciful theory it professed to have in view the highest interests of the race, while the manner in which it would carry on its great projected Reform was calculated to increase tenfold the evil and confusion which it would remove. Mr. Brownson likewise made against the system some specific charges, dictated in the spirit and tone of his newly embraced religious views. The Associationists have taken grievous offence at his charges, and have endeavored to repel them, by a reply in their organ, 'the Phalanx.' In his rejoinder, in the number before us, Mr. Brownson with admirable self possession leaves the personal abuse of himself unnoticed, except so far as to assert that he was not formerly a *blacksmith*, and proceeds to substantiate his former charges. He finds it necessary to assert some of the old fables of the schoolmen in divinity, and we must say that he uses the phraseology of his new religious fellowship very glibly, speaking of the Primer doctrine of Adam's Fall, as if he had believed it a full year, of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, as if he had experienced its full effects, and of the robe of Christ's righteousness thrown over a sinner, as if he was conscious of wearing it. He appears also to quote the vulgate, and the Douay versions of the Scriptures.

Mr. Brownson does not profess to give an exposition of the system of Fourier, except so far as to show upon what view of human nature it proceeds, how it seeks to act upon that nature, and how it regards or slights the instrumentality of the Christian Church in its design and operations. The article is written in excellent temper, with remarkable acumen, and presents the leading features of Fourierism by a few striking extracts from the writings of its partizans. His former article on the subject we know was read by many with strong interest and approbation, and the present one will not be less satisfactory. Mr. Brownson maintains as did the Low-Churchman, Bishop Hopkins in his opposition to Temperance Societies, and as did Dr. Seabury the High-Churchman in his opposition to Bible Societies, that the Church is to be the great agent, and is the sole authorized agent and will be the only sufficient agent for all reform. We maintain the same position. Here then are four parties all saying the same thing, but having in view very different means, measures and agencies, if not very different results. Mr. Brownson has now repeatedly committed all his hope and confidence to what he calls the *Church*, the infallible, the unchangeable Church, the Church to which is fulfilled the Savior's promise, that he will be with it 'to the end of the world,' or as Mr. Brownson quotes, 'all days unto the consummation of the world.' Now, if he will take the suggestion from us, we will say that he could not write an article for some subsequent number more interesting to us, than one in which he would give clearly his views as to what that *Church* is, its credentials, its constitutions, its rules of inclusion and exclusion, its notes of distinction by which one communion becomes *the* communion —whether there ever was a time when all professed Christians, as members of that communion, agreed in accepting certain traditions, interpretations, &c., and supposing four communions make the same pretensions, how it may be known with which of these the Savior reposes his infallibility. Mr. Brownson has not as yet done us this service. May we ask it from either his logic or his faith? His philosophical article on Transcendentalism we shall lay by for perusal when we have grown up. Two political articles we leave to the secular papers.—Another polemical article entitled, 'the Anglican Church Schismatic,' we have not had time to read carefully as yet, and we may recur to it again. Any person who looks for great plainness of speech in a Reviewer, and for proofs that all reviewers are not wont to puff the works which are sent to them, will be abundantly satisfied on these points by two brief Literary Notices, at the close of the Magazine.

A Letter to Prof. Edwards A. Park, Bartlett Professor, Andover Theological Seminary, touching his late Sermon before the Pastoral Association of Massachusetts. Boston: published by Charles Stimpson, 1844.

The title-page of this Letter is graced with a quotation from the Gospel of John viii. 32: 'Ye shall know the truth;' and the writer, who signs himself 'A Catholic Layman,' seems determined that all who read him 'shall know this truth,' viz. that he possesses a vein of as keen wit and caustic satire as Dr. Park himself. We presumed that the sermon before the Pastoral Association would call forth some Episcopalian to the defence of '*the* Church'—The Episcopal newspapers, with one exception, we believe, have been quite silent upon the subject; and we have waited with some interest to see from what quarter and in what form the rejoinder was to come. We were not prepared for precisely such a reply as the one before us. We did not suppose it would comport with the dignity and self-complacent superiority of even a 'layman' of the 'holy, apostolic,' the 'Reformed Catholic' Church, '*the* Church' *par excellence*, to condescend to use such weapons as wit, ridicule and satire. We looked for some great but grave explosion, the discharge, in a calm, but resolute manner, of some tremendous cannon of 'the Church.' some serious attempt to beat down the very bulwarks of Congregationalism. We were not prepared for what this 'Letter' contains,—repeated and well directed fires of small shot, that just penetrate the skin, and whose smart must annoy the Andover Professor, although they may do him no serious injury.

But perhaps this was the very best reply that could be made. It was wise to adopt this course. To attempt here, in the very heart of New England, surrounded by so many memorials and monuments of puritan virtue, in the midst of a community that owes all that is honorable in its past history, and all that is valuable in its present position, not to Episcopacy, not to the 'Reformed Catholic' Church, but to the spirit and principles which the Puritans, fleeing from the tyranny and trammels of Episcopacy, brought with them to this country, to attempt here the *serious* advocacy of the claims of the Church of England, and of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, that descends and inherits through her, to be exclusively '*the* Church of Christ,' alone Scriptural and Apostolic in its constitution, alone efficacious in its ordinances, acceptable in its worship and uncorrupt in doctrine,—*seriously* to attempt this here, would require a greater measure of 'modest assurance' than belongs even to 'a Catholic Layman,' and, we think we may add, more of mental narrowness and bigotry than belongs to the writer of this Letter, evidently a person of a highly cultivated mind and wide observation. It was wiser, therefore, to adopt a 'guerilla warfare," especially as, it must be confessed, Dr. Park laid himself open to this mode of attack; and, wherever he has thus exposed himself, 'a Catholic Layman,' directs his attacks with considerable point and with a hearty good will.

A Catholic Layman, however, though he does not set about a serious and logical argument in support of the right of Episcopacy to use the exclusive and definite article 'the' in speaking of itself as '*the* Church,' every where implies this right, puts forth occasionally some unfounded claims for *his* Church, and indulges now and then in some pretty severe flings at the Puritans. He admits with Dr. Park, that 'the Pilgrim Fathers were as well qualified by nature, as well fitted by intellectual and moral discipline, to lay the foundations of an Apostolic Church, as *uninspired* men ever were,' but he adds, 'our Church, however, was founded upon a rock, by Him whom we still consider its head.' We are not sure of this, as we do not see exactly how it is made out. 'Our Church,' or as he elsewhere speaks, 'we ourselves, i. e. the Reformed Catholics,' so far as they have a distinct name and place in ecclesiastical history, date back to the time of a Monarch of England who wanted to put away one wife and marry another, and because the Pope objected, he *reformed* the English Church, and made himself its head, that his desire might be gratified. So far as it has a distinct ecclesiastical polity, worship and doctrine, so far as it is separate from other bodies, the (we suppose it must be called unreformed) Catholic Church, the Dutch Reformed, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist Churches,—bodies numbering millions on millions who profess and call themselves Christians, so far as it is separate from them, this is the origin and foundation of the Church of England, and of its child, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. A queer foundation truly for a Christian Church, the passions of a lustful king, and queer heads has it had from time to time in the Monarchs of England. We suspect there was full as much of *inspiration* in the spirit and principles that brought the Pilgrims of the Mayflower across the ocean, as in the movements of Henry the Eighth, that established the Episcopal Church; and for ourselves we should be willing that this question should be tried by the results of the two, Congregationalism in New England and Episcopacy in Old England. 'A Catholic Layman' sneers a little at 'an act of incorporation from the Legislature of Massachusetts,' and the law which 'takes but ten citizens to establish their Church.' For ourselves, we have quite as much respect for these proceedings of the Legislature of Massachusetts, which have secured liberty of conscience and freedom of worship, as for those acts of Parliament which established and imposed the doctrines and worship of the Episcopal Church. But let this pass. The letter is well written, and is a pretty fair and able rejoinder to the sermon. There is one part of it that we so entirely concur in, that we cannot forbear to lay it before our readers.

These reflections lead me imperceptibly to your next subject—the externals of worship—upon which we heartily agree as to the existence of many wants, but are as diverse as the poles in our notions as to how they should be supplied. Companions in affliction, but a short time since we might in vain have roamed New England in search of a Christian Temple that would correspond to the eidolon of either of us. Mine now has more than one counterpart—that yours may have I cannot sincerely wish. You say 'it is a sad truth, that there is no architectural style yet discovered, which is in harmony with Protestant worship.' Architecture has been as yet but little studied amongst us, and therefore your mistake is not surprising; but that there is such a style I can inform you, and refer you to the next town for a specimen.—Imagine a large weather-boarded white painted house, with a very big tower and very little spire rising directly out of one end of the roof. Each side is pierced with two rows of windows, having seven in each row. These windows are pointed at the top like Gothic ones, but have green blinds to show that they are not Gothic. On the basement floor on one side is a fashionable hat store, on the other a confectionary.—Rum, tobacco, or black-pepper, is stored in the cellar. In front are six columns of Corinthian proportion, but with Doric capitals, (they are the cheapest,) and these are placed beneath (but do not support) a pediment of an inclination that Callimachus never dreamed of. Such is a Protestant temple in our land. Yesterday a fair was held in it—to-day an abolition tea-party—to-morrow a reformed inebriate lectures there. In all its appointments and proprieties, it is suited to anything—Fourierism—a concert—the last phase of Transcendentalism—Comeouterism—or any other *ism* you please, yet it must be called 'a church,' or offence is given. With ourselves, i. e. the Reformed Catholics, we may be more consistent, but scarce more in taste; we bate the hats and rum—the confectionary and tobacco—the tea-parties and lectures—but that our architecture and appointments are better, I cannot boast. We are greatly addicted to the Gothic. The Church may have a granite front, but the sides in most cases are brick. From the front, possibly, projects two masses of stone, which you might suppose to be chimnies, but each would have a gigantic extinguisher or some such *ornament* upon it. They cannot be staircases, for they have no windows in them, and indeed are not large enough. To leave no doubt of the Gothicity of the edifice, most probably every style of arch ever used is introduced, and to be in perfect keeping with the rest, the chances are that the organ is a duplicate of the front. We must not be surprized if we see engaged pillars springing from the most unique capital of a clustered column, supporting a cornice that shelters nothing. A dripstone, of course, must be placed over each door and window, but by way of novelty it may be upon the *inside.*—Over the chancel some ornament must be put, and most probably it is an escutcheon, on which is borne a bend sinister, the badge of illegitimacy—a joke of the Romanist painter. The Font we should expect to find Gothic—the chance is that it is Grecian—a cup such as Hebe is painted with, and of a size to make one suppose it the work of a Baptist stone cutter, as a caricature upon our mode of baptism. The altar is frequently degraded into a mere shelf—an appendage to the reading-desk—which *latter* with the pulpit, in absurdity of size, shape and decoration, often defies description. Such is the Church in which we Catholics may have to worship. Neither you nor ourselves dare display a cross; that we have conceded exclusively to the Romanists. With us it is a horrible abomination; so much so, that lately what by others would be considered a sacrilege—breaking at midnight into a church, and tearing the cross from the chancel—has been by many declared meritorious. I have taken my shoes from my feet to enter the Moslem's mosque; I have stood in a Monolithic temple of India, and gazed upon the colossal beauty of the Hindoo Trimurti; amidst a thousand Chinese I have breathed the incense offered at the dazzling shrine of Fo; I have seen pious Armenians in a land of heathenism, gathering around the fragments of their once pure faith, and amidst the worship of an hundred idols chanting forth the praises of the One True God. Wherever I have been, amongst civilized or savage—I have found the temple dedicated to the worship of their God inviolably sacred to it alone, and appropriate in its form and decorations—except with us *Protestant* Christians, who as we take pleasure in '*opening the mysteries*' of our Faith, and reasoning them down to natural philosophy or mathematics, so delight in letting our temples grovel upon the ground under some demi-Grecian or bastard Gothic model, or exhibit the happy combination of a little of God and a little of Mammon, in a half store and half meeting house.

The CHILD'S FRIEND, designed for families, and Sunday Schools. Edited by Eliza L. Follen. October 1844, Vol. III, No. I.

The October number of this periodical commences the second year of its publication.—We are highly gratified to find that the success of the work enables the publisher, without increasing the price, to enlarge its size twelve pages each number. This will give opportunity for greater variety, (a quality however in which the Child's Friend has never been deficient) and for more articles for children. We trust that large additions to the subscription list will reward the publisher for his efforts to increase the usefulness and attractiveness of the work. We commend this matter to the attention of our readers. If they are engaged in Sunday School teaching, or have children whom they would interest and instruct in good things, they ought not to be without the Monthly visits of the 'Child's Friend.'

The Christian Parlor Magazine. Edited by Rev. Dorius Mead. No. 6, Vol. I. October. 1844.

This is the first number of the Christian Parlor Magazine that has found its way to our office, and the first that we have seen. If the present number is a fair specimen of the plan and execution of the work, it is every way worthy of patronage and support. Much of the literature that finds its way into the parlor is, to say the least, not of a very healthy moral tone, and any attempt to infuse into it a direct religious influence, and to instruct and impress, as well as interest and amuse, is worthy of all praise. The Christian Parlor Magazine is neatly printed, each number contains two engravings and a piece of music, in addition to its various articles of prose and poetry. Jordan & Co. are agents for the work in this city.

CONVENTION AT ALBANY.

We hope many of the brethren are making arrangements to attend the Convention at Albany. Let none in this neighborhood be deterred by the distance, and let them economise in something else to meet the expense. The distance is considerable, but the time required is not long. The occasion offers to some who have not, perhaps, enjoyed it, a day's excursion over the Western Railroad, and a view of the magnificent scenery of Berkshire, in its brilliant autumn dress; and the relaxation and change of scene will refresh and strengthen them for their winter's work. We trust that all, who remember the pleasant and profitable season we passed at Providence last October, will not fail to be present, and that many others will assemble with them. We do not know precisely what subjects will be brought before the Convention. We are confident, however, they will not be of a narrow, sectarian, but of a broad, elevated, Christian character, relating to duties and obligations, that in these evil and degenerate days rest upon all Christ's disciples, and the discussion of which will tend to quicken all to greater fidelity in well doing.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

An impression may have arisen from the notice in the Register and World of last week that the services for children were about to be abandoned at the Warren St. Chapel. So far was this from being the case, that the proposed union with Rev. Mr. Harrington, was based entirely in my mind upon the aid which I hoped to derive from it in carrying out the previous and established purposes of the Institution. Upon further reflection, doubts have arisen, whether such assistance could justly be expected—and I had nearly abandoned all thoughts of completing the arrangements when the notice in question accidentally made its appearance.

Rev. Mr. Harrington will select another place for the commencement of his very desirable movement—and no occasion will remain for any uncertainty as to the conduct of the enterprise entrusted to my charge.

CHARLES F. BARNARD.

October 2, 1844.

For the Register.

OBITUARIES.

HON. BENJ. P. WILLIAMS.

Messrs. Editors,—The decease of the Hon. B. P. Williams, of Roxbury, announced in a late number of the Register, is an occasion of unusual sorrow, not only to his family, where his loss is irreparable, but to the religious Society at Jamaica Plain, of which he was a most efficient and valuable member, to his native town, and to the community in general, where he was known; and his character, and the peculiar circumstances connected with his death seem to require some special notice.

Major Williams had attended meeting, as his custom was, morning and afternoon, on Sunday, the 15th ult. in his usual health; he had been to a social singing meeting in the evening, practising a Dirge with the Choir, which it was proposed to sing at Church the following Sunday, and which was sung with singular propriety and effect, his decease having thus, most unexpectedly, given the more fit occasion for it. He had walked home two miles or more, and, as usual, before retiring for the night, went out to see that doors, gateways, &c. about his premises, were safe. Not returning in due time, search was made, and he was found lifeless on the ground a few rods from his house. His death is presumed to have been instantaneous, from Angina Pectoris.

A most intimate acquaintance with him from [illegible] rly childhood warrants this testimonial to the uniform excellence of his character.

His conduct in youth was marked with great fairness and integrity; and, though he was, on all occasions, resolute, firm and independent among his fellows, he was never overbearing or unkind, and therefore secured their confidence and esteem. He entered on the business of life with manly purposes matured, and the habits of unyielding integrity established. Major Williams was a very intelligent, practical farmer, and in his life and manners exhibited a finished specimen of the independent yeomanry of New England. He possessed a mind by nature strong, discriminating, and well balanced, which he had well informed and disciplined by reading and reflection; and his sound judgment, practical wisdom, and scrupulous fidelity, peculiarly fitted him for public service. Up to the day of his death, he has been continually employed in some public office, civil or military, and always with unabated credit to himself, and usefulness to the community. In the various municipal trusts of his native town, he possessed the entire confidence of his fellow citizens of all parties. As one of their Representatives to the General Court, as a Senator, and Special Commissioner of the County of Norfolk, he served the public with signal faithfulness and ability, for he had no selfish aims to follow, and no selfish ends to accomplish in serving the public, and he was too scrupulously honest to seek or to accept an office for which he did not know himself to be fully competent; so that his fellow citizens were sure of being well served in any office he was willing to accept. Unassuming and unpretending in manners, Major Williams was a man of quiet, yet persevering, determined, and efficient energy, doing much, and in the best manner, without show and parade. He was emphatically a good, a religious man, who 'feared God and worked righteousness.'—He was a high-minded, public-spirited man, of unyielding firmness and stability. He was a man of comprehensive and liberal views on all subjects, singularly free from the wrong biases of habit or prejudice. He adopted no new opinions and measures, because they were new, nor held on upon the old, because they were old. In the intercourse of domestic and social life, he was peculiarly amiable, indulgent, and obliging, though very plain, direct, and laconic in the expression of his wishes, feelings and opinions. He had the courage and independence to rebuke injustice and wrong doing, whenever he had occasion, but always with so much sincerity and manifest good intention, that it excited not resentment and ill-will, and made no one his enemy.

Through life it has always been his leading purpose and aim to do all the good in his power, in all the relations he sustained, and all who knew him can amply testify that he has been true to that high aim. A light, a guide, a counsellor, a benefactor, has most suddenly been stricken from the midst of them. And he has left few behind in the sphere where he moved, whose loss would be more deeply felt and lamented, or whose name and worth will be longer held in grateful remembrance. L. C.

MRS. ELIZABETH BOURNE.

Died, in Kennebunk, Me., Mrs. Elizabeth Bourne, widow of the late Capt. John Bourne, aged 79 years.

A mother in Israel—an aged Dorcas, full of alms and good deeds; who, for more than thirty years, exemplified in a godly and upright life, the beauty and excellence of religion. Truly, it can be said, she well filled her station in life, as a wife,—a mother and a Christian. With feelings alive to the wants of her fellow beings, she was ever found administering to their necessities. She fed the hungry, she clothed the naked, she visited the poor and the sick, and was ever ready with the balm of consolation for the afflicted and distressed, knowing that it was her Master's will, which will it was her meat and drink to do. It was well and truly said by her pastor, on the second Sabbath after her decease, that her epitaph should be, 'she went about doing good.' As she walked by faith while she lived, so did she die in its triumphs. For weeks, yea months before her death, was she anxiously waiting his summons. A few days before her death, when in a very weak and low condition, and the spark of life seemed about to be quenched,—as her children came around her bed, she looked upon them and with a smile said, 'oh how happy should I be were you *all* around my bed to see me die.' As some one was reading in the Scripture the conversation between our Lord and Peter, she exclaimed,—truly I can say 'Lord thou knowest that I love thee.' Thus, on the night of the 13th of August, with a faith serene and bright, did this aged believer receive the long looked for summons to those regions, where she was fully assured was for her a crown of glory.

Go gentle spirit, to blissful regions go,
Friends long since gone, wait thine embrace;
With angel spirits, tune thy harp anew,
And find in heaven, thy soul's sweet resting place.

MRS. CATHARINE HATHORNE BREED.

Died in Lynn, on the 9th inst., Mrs. Catharine H. wife of H. A. Breed Esq., and daughter of the late Col. John Hathorne, of Salem. We learn the uncertainty of life, and the frailness of our ties to earth, from every day's experience, but more particularly when death comes near our hearts, and changes our once cheerful home into a house of mourning and sorrow. In the death of Mrs. Breed, a much beloved wife, and sister, and mother is taken from the family circle that she gladdened by her presence and blessed by her influence. While her mortal remains are consigned to the silent tomb, to await the glorious morning of the resurrection, may the memory of the many Christian virtues that adorned her character, dwell in the hearts of surviving friends, and excite them to be followers of her, so far as she was a follower of Christ. She was the affectionate relative and faithful friend, kind and benevolent to the sick and afflicted, loved and esteemed by all who had the privilledge of her acquaintance. Her firmness, the firmness of a well cultivated mind, gentle but resolute was a crowning virtue. Her interest in religion was firm and sincere. Many years since she made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and her reliance on the mercy of God, through the blessed Redeemer, and adorned her profession through the journey of life. We sincerely sympathise with the bereaved and afflicted husband. May the Gospel which he professes be his support, with this pleasing reflection, that he shall rejoin her in that happy world where parting will be no more. May the only son, who mourns the loss of a devoted mother, in his youthful years be lead to look up to his Heavenly Father, for comfort to soothe his grieved heart in this time of trial, and to remember his Creator in the days of his youth.

She endured for several weeks a distressing illness, which she sustained with patience, and then resigned to the will of God, calmly departed this life for a far better world.

The soul! the better part is gone,
Partakes of joys to us unknown,
No pain nor sorrow can assail its rest,
Safe in the mansions of the blest.

E. J.

Errata. In our notice last week of the Installation at Chelsea, of Rev. G. M. Rice, we accidentally omitted to mention the Charge by Rev. Dr. Flint of Salem, which was truly affectionate, apostolical, and expressive. We might have also added, that the presence of the venerable John Quincy Adams as a delegate from the church in Quincy with Rev. Mr. Lunt who preached the sermon, was a circumstance of a gratifying character, and one which gave additional interest to the occasion.

The allusion of Rev. Mr. Waterston in his address to the people, was not to Dr. Mather as one of the *Pastors* of the church, as mentioned in that notice, but as one of those who gathered and consecrated it.

Gambling. Mr. Green has recently delivered several lectures at the Marlboro chapel, in this city, on the subject of gambling; exposing the deceptions and impositions practised by those who make gambling a profession, and showing the inevitably ruinous results of the practice.

At a public meeting recently held at the Marlboro Chapel, the following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That the thanks of this community are due Mr. Green for his efforts to suppress the vice of gambling by unmasking the secrets.

Resolved, That by calling public attention to the extent of gambling, in this city, he has conferred upon us lasting benefits.

Resolved, That we will individually and collectively sustain Mr. Green in his efforts to do away with the vice of gambling.

*** The Cambridge Missterial Association, will meet on Tuesday 8th inst., at the house of Rev. Mr. Ripley in Waltham.

Wm. Newell, Sec'y.

ROWDIES IN BOSTON.

We heartily concur in the following remarks of the Saturday Evening Gazette.

Boston has for a long time stood 'proudly preeminent' as one of the most orderly cities in the Union; but we are afraid we shall ere long lose our good name, if something be not done—and that speedily and promptly, too—to arrest the career of the knots of loafers and blackguards that are beginning to infest some of our most public streets. For some weeks past, especially, gangs of beings in human shape have almost nightly congregated on the side-walk opposite Concert Hall, for the sole purpose, it would seem, of squirting tobacco juice on ladies and gentlemen as they passed, and offending their ears with language profane and obscene enough to shock the foulest-minded wretch that ever disgraced humanity. It is wretches such as these who are guilty of such infamous deeds as that recorded by the Mercantile Journal as follows: 'A young woman, who came to this city, in the Worcester train of cars, on Thursday evening of last week, while attempting to find her friends, fell in with three rowdy young men, who attempted to compel her to go with them. Her cries for assistance were, however, heard by a young gentleman, who, obeying the true impulses of a generous heart, hastened to her assistance, and, after a conflict with the unprincipled scoundrels, succeeded in rescuing her from their hands, and conveying her to a place of safety.'

It is a mortifying fact that our streets are, of late, too often polluted by such degrated monsters.—Two or three Sabbath evenings since, a couple of ladies, returning home from a lecture, were insulted by one of these vile miscreants, just in front of King's Chapel. Such nuisances in our streets are more loathsome and digu-ting than carrion carcasses; and, if the City Authorities cannot get rid of them in any other manner, let them appoint a new and sufficient force of *scavengers*, whose duty it shall be to keep our thoroughfares clear of such filthy nuisances—creatures who, though bearing the human form, evidently possess natures more beastly than those of brutes.

Temperance. The following paragraph, respecting the late lectures of Mr. Gough, in Bangor, are from the Courier of that city.

'The eloquent lectures of Mr. Gough, delivered in this city, have stirred the whole mass of society, and particularly our young men—the strength and hope of our city. A new temperance association has been formed, independent of all preceding ones, and based solely on the grounds of moral suasion. This new Constitution has, we learn, been signed by more than two hundred persons, mostly of those who have heretofore taken no interest in the various associations that have been formed for the purpose of promoting temperance.

Mr. Gough has gathered a multitude of our children in a Cold Water army and giving them a zest in the cause from which we may expect the happiest influence.'

Earthquake at Trinidad. The schooner Sarah, at Baltimore from St. Thomas Sept. 11, brings intelligence that on the 30th August, about 3 A. M., the inhabitants of Trinidad were roused from sleep by the shock of an earthquake, the violence of which far exceeded that of any other they have ever experienced, except the one of 1825. Great fears were entertained for the safety of the town, but no material damage was sustained.

Amherst College. The Freshman class is larger than for two years previous—numbering thirty-four. Dr. Humphrey yet holds the office of President, as he will do until a successor is obtained. The department of oratory is not yet filled; Rev. Mr. Leavitt of Providence was appointed, but his people refused to release him from his present charge.

Improvement in the Manufacture of Iron. The attention of the ironmaster has been attracted to a process of considerable importance lately introduced into their manufacture. The applications of electricity, to supersede several of the expensive processes, has been tried in the Welsh and Derbyshire furnaces with satisfactory results. It appears that the costly fuel and labor required for the purification of the ore from sulphur, phosphorus, and such subtle elements, create its high market value; and these being all electro-negative have induced the new process, whereby the impure stream of metal, after flowing from the blast, is, in its moment of consolidation, subjected to a powerful voltaic battery, which so disengages the impure components, that in the process of puddling they are readily extracted. The London blacksmiths, it is stated, have tested this iron after a single re-heating and pronounced it equal to the best metal in the market. By the same process, an experiment was tried by Dr. Ure, by whom a soft rod of iron was held in contact with a moderate red heat; and that gentleman is understood to have stated that in a few hours the metal was converted into steel.—Should these facts prove what they seem, they are calculated to affect most seriously this important branch of our trade. [English paper.

"Alas! poor Yorick!" Charles T. Woodman was again arraigned before the Police Court in Boston, on Thursday, for committing his old *crime* of yielding to the demands of a burning thirst.

He was helped off from the complaint against him a few weeks since, by some friends paying the cost of the proceedings and taking him away from the punishment which awaited him, in hopes of his reformation; but unfortunately, he could not be content with the arrangements made for his best welfare, and clandestinely escaped from those who would have been his benefactors, and returned to the city to run the gauntlet between *rum* and *ruin*.

In the present instance, the complaint was, as before, for being a common drunkard. Poor Woodman heard it read in silence, and in a tone of submission plead "guilty;"—then in a voice of despair, as his feelings overcame him, he added—"*Send me over.*" (meaning to the house of correction,) and the judge immediately ratified the sentence he had pronounced upon himself, and fixed the period of confinement at six months. "Thus is the mighty fallen!" This can in truth be said of Woodman, for he once possessed a mind far above the common stamp. [Chronicle.

Important Decision on the Naturalization Law. The Judges of Maryland have decided that, no matter under which law of the U. S. Congress, or at what period, if the parents are naturalized, the children, if then under age, at once, and by virtue of the nauturalization act of Congress of the 14th of April, 1802, and especially of the 4th section of that act, are made citizens. ReverdyJohnson says: "I repeat, then, as my decided opinion, that the construction I give the law (as stated) is the correct one, and I *know* that such has been, and is, the interpretation given to it by all the Courts in Baltimore, *Federal as well as State.*" Judge Marshall of theFrederic County Court concurs in the views expressed by Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson is one of the ablest lawyers in the Union.

Acceptable Rain. The muchdesired heavy rain came last Wednesday night, to relieve the country from that long and injurious "drought," which has so generally prevailed in this part of the Union. The citizens of Washington have especial cause for rejoicing, inasmuch as they are relieved from the oppressive dust of Pennsylvania avenue, which has been almost intolerable for several weeks past during windy weather. [National Intelligencer.

Insane Asylum in Rhode Island. We learn from the Providence Journal that the Providence Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers have voted $1,000 towards the erection of this noble charity. This act is worthy of the ancient renown of this most respectable body—a body which, half a century ago, signalized itself by being the first to move in the establishment of free schools in the State of Rhode Island.

Immensity. Herschel estimates the star "Lyria" to be more than 54,000 times larger than the sun, which fills a cubical space equal to 681,471,000,000,000 miles: 100,000,000 of such stars lie within range of the telescope, and between every two there is an interval of more than 200,000,000,000 miles of space. Who can think of what lies beyond the telescopic view! In such a thought, is not the mind lost in sublimity and grandeur!

Gross Inhumanity. On Saturday of last week, a German named Monk, from Herkimer county, New York, appeared at the State Prison in Sing Sing, and presented a pardon for his daughter, Catherine Monk, who had been imprisoned upwards of two years, on a charge of larceny. On examining the pardon it was found to be dated Sept. 21, 1842, having been granted by Governor Seward, on the representation of the Judge and the Jurors before whom she was convicted, as she was almost an idiot. This pardon the unfeeling father had actually kept back for two years, and probably would not have used it at all but for the fact that Mrs. Farnham, the matron of the prison, writing to him that his daughter's term was nearly out, and stating that some one ought to come and take care of her as she was unable to provide for herself. She had only eleven days to serve when the pardon was presented, and the affectionate father has by this means had his idiot daughter supported by the State, instead of providing for her himself, as he must have done, if he had presented the pardon when granted. [N. Y. Express.

Potatoes in Manufactures. Few persons are probably aware of the quantity of potatoes used in our own country and elsewhere in the manufacture of starch, arrow root, and tapioca, &c. The starch manufactory in Mercer, Maine, is said to have manufactured one hundred and forty thousand pounds, of an excellent quality, grinding about sixteen thousand bushel of potatoes. The account from which this is taken says, further: "We learn that they have made arrangements to grind twenty four thousand bushels of potatoes the coming winter, which will produce more than two hundred and forty thousand pounds of starch. They sell the commodity in Boston for about four dollars per hundred. The New England manufacturers prefer it to Poland starch." Another manufactory is mentioned in Hampden, which consumes 2500 bushels per day. In a single district in Bavaria, in Germany, four hundred thousand pounds of sago and starch are manufactured from potatoes: one hundred pounds of potatoes are said to give twelve pounds of starch. The following extract from an agricultural journal presents some particulars relating to the quantity of starch contained in various kinds of potatoes: "Some years ago we experimented upon three varieties which we had, viz, the long reds the Philadelphias, and the pink eyes. We found that the long reds produced the most starch to the bushel. We think that they yielded a little more than six pounds per bushel, and the others not so much."

Mulberry Paper. We have received from Dr. D Stebbins, three samples of writing paper, manufactured from the bark of the mulberry tree. The first experiment produced a very dark colored, but smooth paper; the last is very white, glossy and stout, but not quite free from spots. He hopes that at the fourth trial, which is about to be made, will be produced a sample of writing paper which will be equal in every respect to any in use, and made from the mulberry tree. [Northampton Courier.

A Good Plan. The Prussian Government, in order to avoid as far as possible, accidents upon the railroads, has founded a school at Berlin for teaching the art of directing and managing locomotives; and an ordonnance has been issued that from and after the first of January, 1846, no persons shall be employed as drivers of locomotives on the railways of the Kingdom but those who have been taught at this school, and obtained a certificate of their capacity.

Look Out. The public are cautioned against 2,50 pieces counterfeit gold coin. Also $5 and $10, which have become very plenty. The 2,50 pieces are made out of white metal, probably silver and galvanized—well executed and calculated to deceive.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

This Steamship arrived at our port on the morning of Thursday. She brings English news to Sept 19th.

Parliament was prorogued on the 5th of Sept. by the Queen in person, to the 10th of October.

The Queen and Prince Albert have started on a tour through Scotland. Her contemplated visit to Ireland is indefinitely postponed.

Liberation of O'Connell. The judgment of the court which sentenced O'Connell to imprisonment has been reversed by the law-Lords, and he is now free. The news of the reversal of his sentence had created great excitement throughout Ireland.

France and Morocco. Hostilities between France and Morocco have terminated. A treaty of peace has been signed at Tangier, on behalf of the Emperor of Morocco, and the King of the French—the conditions of Prince de Joinville having been unconditionally accepted by the Moors.

China. The news from China is to June 21st.

It is said the negotiation with the American and French missions will be a Macao, where his Excellency Mr Cushing has been residing for a few months.

Italy. The Augsbugh Gazette says that a new attempt at insurrection in Calabria is about to be made under the guidance of certain members of young Italy who have for some time past resided at Malta.

Spain, according to some accounts, is threatened with another revolution. In one of the most important towns of Spain there is a regiment of 1800 men, and in the province of which that town is the capital there are two battalions ready to turn their arms to Espartero's use.

Egypt. A letter from Alexandria, dated the 8th of August, states the result of Mehemet Ali's late escapade, which now appears to have been by no means made for nothing. His Highness sent down instructions to Artin Bey, at Alexandria, to inform the five Consuls-General of his perfect re-establishment in health, his renouncement of going to Mecca, and his determination to direct affairs himself as hitherto.

Cotton. An article in a late number of the National Intelligencer, says that Sea Island Cotton was first introduced into the United States in 1789. A West India planter, who had removed to Georgia to cultivate cotton, received from a friend in Jamaica, in the spring of 1786, several sacks of the Pernambuco cotton seed.—This seed was not used until 1789, when a successful experiment was made with it. This was the introduction of the Sea Island cotton into the United States, and the date of the cultivation, to any considerable extent, of the upland cotton, and the permanent establishment of the cotton plant as a staple production of the country. From this comparatively recent and small beginning has originated that mighty branch of employment of capital, intelligence and industry which, in the year 1843 raised 2,-378,875 bales of cotton; of which 1,469,711 bales were exported to Great Britain, 346,139 to France, 194,287 to other places, and 325,129 bales consumed in our own manufactories.—[Mer. Journal.

Increase of Crime. Within forty years, commitments for crime have increased in England from 5000 to 21,000, more than six fold—four times faster than the increase of population.

In Scotland, the increase of crime in the same period, has risen from 89 to 3,884—forty three fold, and has advanced twenty-five times faster than the population.

That this prodigious increase has occurred during a period of almost unbroken peace, amid great improvements in criminal legislation and prison discipline too, and notwithstanding unparalled efforts to diffuse education and religion—creates a problem of no easy solution.

It is stated, also, that the prevalence of crime in England is fourteen times greater than in France—that the *educated* criminals are to the uneducated, as two to one. Facts like these demand thorough investigation, and strongly urge every pious mind to reflection and prayer. [Recorder.

Vessel Sunk in Charles River, and Captain Missing. As the schooner Magnolia, Capt. Rufus Clough, from Bluehill, Me., was being taken from her anchorage in the stream, just above Cragie's Bridge, between the hours of 10 and 12, Monday night, at high tide, for the purpose of unloading her cargo of wood at the Mill Dam wharf, she struck a rock and sunk almost immediately. Nothing was saved but the Captain's chest, which contained some money, about $150, and papers. This was near the Mill Dam gates. No blame was imputed to the Captain. He took the money, which was wet, to the toll house for the purpose of drying it, dried it, and was last seen at 4 A. M., Tuesday morning, standing near the bath house. *He has not been seen since.* There is room to suppose that he has met with some foul play. His sister, who is in town, and his friends, are much worried about him. He was dressed in black, is six feet in height, slender, and has sandy hair and whiskers. Any information about him can be left at Mr. Aaron Coffin's, 46 Fayette street. [Times.

Outrageous Carelessness. The passengers by the Evening Train from New York, had one of the most miraculous escapes from instant death we have long had to record. On reaching Bristol, it was observed that the train had on great headway, and as the locomotive and baggage cars entered the depot, they were detached, and the passenger cars passed on, still having very great headway. The brakeman found it impossible to check the cars, and the consequence was, that the first car dashed through the end of the car house.

Providentially there was a barrel of water at the end of the rails, which threw the car off the track, and its speed was in some measure checked, but it was not stopped until the first car was half way out of the car house, hanging over the wharf. The confusion which ensued may be imagined, but it is impossible to describe the scene.

We are happy, however, to add that no lives were lost, and but one person was seriously injured, a little girl, who was standing on the platform below, whose leg was broken by some of the falling timbers of the car-house. The escape of the passengers is miraculous, for if the forward car had gone four feet farther it must have been precipitated to the platform below, some 20 feet, and dragged the other cars with it. [U. S. Gazette.

Mail Arrest. Mr. Charles Edwards of this town, express rider between Northampton and Greenfield, was yesterday held to bail by one of John Tyler's petty agents, for taking a sealed letter from Greenfield. We understand that the Greenfield Postmaster was the complainant. If he was, he deserves to be hooted at by every decent man. And it is contemptible in the Government, to disturb these small carriers. If the great agents cant be stopped, the Government should give up the controversy. Mr. Edwards can ill afford to defend himself in the case, and we hope, therefore, that the people here will not let him suffer in this unequal contest. [Northampton Gazette.

Increase of Property in Boston. We learn from the Transcript that in this city an increase of $7,000,000 in assessment value of property has been made this year, and the rate of taxation is $6 on a thousand instead of $6 20.

Western Railroad. Receipts for week ending September 28:—

	1844.	1843.
Passengers,	$9,335	$9,335
Freight, &c.,	8,209	7,758
Total,	$17,544	$14,837

Snow. We learn from passengers from the West that the snow lay on the ground at Utica on Sunday, to the depth of two or three inches.

Suffocation in a Well. On the 20th ult., a man in Fauquier county, Va., of the name of Bostle, met his death in a manner remarkable in some respects. He was employed to clean out a well, and being accustomed to such work, he prudently lowered a lighted candle in the well; the candle went out before it reached the water, proving that the deadly gas existed in the well—he next threw down a bundle of burning hay, (to purify the well as he said,) this was also extinguished—immediately, in the face of all his precaution, and in defiance of every warning, he himself descended the well in a bucket, without having a rope tied to him, and speedily the lamp of his life was extinguished.

☞ WARREN STREET CHAPEL. In order that there may be no interruption of the usual exercises of Rev Mr Barnard, in the Warren Street Chapel, Rev Mr Harrington will hold but *one* (an *evening* service, instead of *two* as advertised in the Register of last week. The use of the Chapel in the evening has been granted to Mr H. until a Hall can be found in which there can be morning and evening worship.

Service to commence at 7 o'clock. o5

☞ WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION, will meet at the house of Rev Mr Gage in Petersham, on Monday, Oct 13th, at 5 o'clock, P. M. Public exercises the next day at half past 10 o'clock, A. M.

o5 CLAUDIUS BRADFORD, Scribe.

☞ THURSDAY EVENING. The next UNION MEETING will take place on Thursday Evening next, Oct 10th, at the Bulfinch Church, Rev Mr Gray's, commencing at 7 o'clock.

All interested are invited to attend. o5

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOLS! The Middlesex Sunday School Society will hold their next meeting at Lexington, on the second Wednesday of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M. There will be an Annual Report and a Conference of the Teachers in the forenoon, and a Sermon and Addresses in he afternoon. All interested in the education of the young in the Society, and out of it, are invited to attend. Will the Clergymen of the Society give public notice of this meeting in their respective churches the Sabbath preceding the meeting?

s28 B. FROST, Sec'y.

☞ NOTICE—ALBANY CONVENTION. The clergy, who intend to be present at the Albany Convention on the 15th of the ensuing month, are earnestly requested, for important reasons, to give information of their intention to Rev Mr Briggs, Sec'y. A. U. A., at their earliest convenience. The Society in Albany extend a cordial invitation to the Clergy and laity of their faith to be with them on that occasion.

Albany, Sept. 16th.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Stephen D. Harvey to Miss Martha H. Chandler.

Mr John L. Putney to Miss Aphia Messer.

Mr Joseph Prescott of Rowley, to Miss Julietta E. Messer of Boston.

Mr John Roberts of Boston, to Miss Mary J. Banks of Nottingham, NH.

30th ult, at King's Chapel, by Rev Jas Freeman Clarke, Mr William Scollay Whitwell to Miss Mary Greene, daughter of the late Henry Hubbard, Esq.

In Beverly, 26th ult, by Rev Mr Thayer, Mr James J. Kimball of Charlestown, to Miss Alice Porter of B.

In Newburyport, 25th ult, by Rev Mr Fox, Mr Frederick Beck, of the firm of E. F. King & Co., Boston, to Miss Sarah S., daughter of Wm Balch, Esq. of N.

In Northampton, 25th ult, by Rev Rufus Ellis, Mr George Borland of Mobile, to Miss Elizabeth S., daughter of the late Capt Charles C. Nichols.

In Dorchester, 1st inst, by Rev H. Webster of Hopkinton, Rev Homer H. Benson of Hinesburg, to Miss Ann S. Vose, late of Hopkinton.

In Brighton, on Tuesday evening, by Rev F. A. Whitney, Josiah Gilmore, Jr. of Newton, to Miss Lucy, daughter of Aaron Richards, Esq.

In Watertown, 23d ult, Mr Joseph G. Sanger to Miss Harriet Bridges.

In Holden, 26th ult, Mr Wm F. Emerson of Hubbardston, to Miss Elizabeth K. Flagg.

In Worcester, 25th ult, Mr Charles P. Bigelow to Miss Jane M. Briggs.

In Sutton, Mr Joseph L. Hall to Miss Eliza A. Prescott.

In Kingston, 19th ult, by Rev A. R. Pope, Mr Charles H. Tillson of Duxbury, to Miss Sarah J. Ripley of K.

In Bath, Me, 1st inst, Mr Jarvis Slade, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Hannah T., daughter of George F. Patten, Esq.

In Northfield, Vt., Mr Joseph Guild, Jr. of Boston, to Miss Juliana Braley of N.

In Albany, 27th ult, Mr Napoleon G. Hale of New York, to Miss Sarah Lilley of Lowell, Ms

In New York, at the Church of the Messiah, by the Rev Dr Dewey, Robert Calder, Jr. to Hannah Bridge, both of Charlestown, Ms.; Capt Charles B. Pendleton, of Massachusetts, to Miss Mary H., daughter of the late Amos Belden, Esq. of that city.

In St George's Church, N. S., 7th ult, Ralph Shuttlesworth Allen, Lieut Royal Artillery, to Anne Elizabeth, 4th daughter of Hon Samuel Cunard.

DEATHS.

In this city, Oct 1st, Mr Francis F. Faxon, 25.

21st ult, Mrs Elizabeth B., wife of Mr L. H. Young of New Haven, Ct. 37.

29th ult, Mrs Caroline A., wife of Mr John H. Tenney, formerly of Newburyport, 30.

26th ult, Anson Brigham Dexter, eldest son of Anson Dexter, 21.

28th ult, Abigail, widow of the late Mr Wm Smith of Dedham, 90.

14th ult, Henry Howard, son of George C. and Maria W. Thacher, 4 mos.

In Cambridgeport, 30th ult, Mrs Ann Maria Cutter, 35, wife of Mr Samuel L. Cutter.

In Watertown, 30th ult, Miss Mehitable B. Bird, 20.

In Harvard, 29th, Miss Henrietta Haskell, 21.

In Groton, 25th ult, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr John Johnson, Mrs Mary Blodgett of Tyngsborough.

In North Reading, 29th ult, Frances Callender Foster, 8 mos.

In West Newton, (at the residence of her brother-in-law) Miss Roxana Wheeler, 27.

In Canton, 2d inst, of con-sumption, Mrs Lydia Bowman, wife of Rev Benjamin Huntoon, 35.

In South Natick, Sept 24, Mr John Bacon, 78.

In Sherburne, 9th ult, Col Isaac Whitney, 61.

In Worcester, 24th ult, Miss Jane M., daughter of Thomas Parker, 17.

In Hopkinton, 21st ult, Edward Hopkins, son of Mr Lovett Walker, 16.

In Salubria, Iowa Territory, on the 27th ult, Abner Kneeland, the Deist.

The Monthly Magazine for October.

—CONTENTS—

The Lord's Prayer.
Glimpses from a City Window.
The Eucharist.
The Safe Way.
Moses, the Type of the true Reformers, a Sermon by Rev G. W. Burnap.
The Departure of Summer.
The Berkshire Jubilee.

Intelligence.

Installation at Chelsea.
Commencement Week at Cambridge.
Salem Fair.
Infidelity.
Mormonism.
Millerism.

Just published by L. C. BOWLES, 118 Washington st. o5

Littell's Living Age, No 21.

—CONTENTS—

Editor's Correspondence, European Politics; Our Family, Chapters 8, 9, 10, 11; One Night in the Life of a Man of Business; War, it true nature; Privateering, proposal to treat it as Piracy; What altered the intention of Euphrates? Facts and Fictions, Oriental Character; Morocco and Tahiti; France and Morocco; The Prince de Joinville; The War Mania in Paris; Increase of the British Navy; France and England; Venice in 1841; Military Punishments; American Geologists and Naturalists; Mrs Grant of Laggan, (concluded); Am I a Coward or not? The Key, a Moorish Romance; Future Life of Animals; The Miners, a Tragedy; Madame de Stael; Poetry; Scraps.

Published by T. H. CARTER & CO., 118½ Washington st. o5

Putnam's Phi Beta Oration. An Oration delivered at Cambridge before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Harvard University, Aug 29, 1834, by George Putnam; pp. 36, price 25 cents, 8vo. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. o5

Story's Poem. Nature and Art: a Poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, Aug 29, 1844, by William W. Story, pp. 48; price 25 cents, 8vo. For sale by JAS. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. o5

Periodicals for October. North American Review; Brownson's Quarterly Review; The Child's Friend; Monthly Religious Magazine; Knickerbocker; Hunt's Merchants' Magazine; Democratic Review, &c. &c.

Subscriptions received and single numbers supplied, at CROSBY'S, 118 Washigton st. o5

Littell's Living Age, No 21, for October 5. Just received at CROSBY'S, where all back numbers are supplied and subscriptions received. o5

The Sunday School Service Book. In press, a new edition of the Sunday School Service Book, part first, by S. C. Phillips. The first edition of 2000 copies is already exhausted. It has been introduced into nearly twenty Societies, and wherever used, has, it is believed, given entire satisfaction. It has been adopted in the following, among other Sunday Schools, viz: Boston, Salem, Cambridge, Watertown, Taunton, Nantucket, Lancaster, Hallowell, Lowell, Fall River, Cambridgeport, Milton, Dr Dewey's Society, New York, Washington, Providence, and others.

Clergymen, Teachers and others interested in Sunday Schools are requested to examine this Service Book as it is believed that its peculiar merits will ensure its use wherever it is known.

Copies furnished for examination.

WM. CROSBY,
118 Washington st.

Judge White's Address. An Address delivered before the Society of the Alumni of Harvard University on their Anniversary, Aug 27, 1844, by Daniel A. White. Published at the request of the Society. Price 25 cents; pp. 42, 8 vo. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. o5

Housekeeping Goods, &c.

The subscribers offer to their customers and the public, at their NEW AND SPLENDID SALESROOMS,

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Boston, Sept. 28, 1844. 8w.

The Child's Friend, for October Edited by Mr E. L. Follen.

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The Diamond Ring,	The Squirrel,
Slide of Alpnach,	The Albatros,
On Cruelty,	A Visit to the Lakes.

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POETRY.

LIFE'S COMPANIONS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When I set sail on Life's young voyage,
'Twas upon a stormy sea;
But to cheer me night and day,
Through the perils of the way,
With me went companions three;
Three companions kind and faithful,
Dearer far than friend or bride,
Heedless of the stormy weather,
Hand in hand they came together,
Ever smiling at my side.

One was Health, my lusty comrade,
Cherry-cheek'd and stout of limb;
Though my board was scant of cheer,
And my drink but water clear,
I was thankful, blessed with him.
One was milk-eyed Peace of Spirit,
Who, though storms the welkin swept,
Waking, gave me calm reliance,
And though tempests howled defiance,
Smoothed my pillow when I slept.

One was Hope, my dearest comrade,
Never absent from my breast,
Brightest in the darkest days,
Kindest in the roughest ways,
Dearer far than all the rest.
And though Wealth, nor fame, nor Station,
Journey'd with me o'er the sea;
Stout of heart, all danger scorning,
Nought cared I in life's young morning
For their lordly company.

But, alas! ere night was darken'd,
I have lost companions twain;
And the third, with tearful eyes,
Worn and wasted, often flies,
But as oft returns again.
And, instead of those departed,
Spectres twin around me flit;
Pointing each with shadowy finger,
Nightly at my couch they linger;
Daily at my board they sit.

Oh, alas! that I have followed
In the hot pursuit of Wealth;
Though I've gained the prize of gold,—
Eyes are dim, and blood is cold,—
I have lost my comrade, Health.
Care instead, the withered beldam,
Steals th' enjoyment from my cup;
Hugs me, that I cannot quit her;
Makes my choicest morsels bitter;
Seals the founts of pleasure up.

Ah! alas! that Fame allured me,
She so false and I so blind,
Sweet her smiles, but in the chase
I have lost the happy face
Of my comrade, PEACE OF MIND;
And instead, REMORSE, pale phantom,
Tracks my feet where'er I go;
All the day I see her scowling,
In my sleep I hear her howling,
Wildly flitting to and fro.

Last of all my dear companions,
Hope! sweet Hope! befriend me yet!
Do not from my side depart,
Do not leave my lonely heart
All to darkness and regret!
Short and sad is now my voyage
O'er this gloom-encompass'd sea,
But not cheerless altogether,
Whatsoe'er the wind and weather,
Will it seem if bless'd with thee.

Dim thine eyes are, turning earthwards,
Shadowy pale, and thin thy form;—
Turned to heaven thi ne eyes grow bright,
All thy form expands in light,
Soft and beautiful and warm.
Look then upwards! lead me heavenwards!
Guide me o'er this darkening sea!
Pale remorse shall fade before me,
And the gloom shall brighten o'er me,
If I have a friend in *Thee*.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its wo,
To see the infant's tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow,
To meet the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet cannot tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

Through weary days and darker nights,
To trace the mark of death,
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath,
To watch the last, dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
This is a mother's grief.

To see in one short hour decayed,
The hope of future years,
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears,
To think the cold grave now must close,
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys on earth—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet, when the first wild throb is past,
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, 'My child is there!'
This best can dry the gushing tears—
This yield the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope,
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERSEVERANCE.

'Mother, I believe nobody ever had such a bad temper as I have to contend with,' said Willie, as he was holding a skein of silk for her to wind.

'Why, Willie,' exclaimed she, laughing, 'you *are* a little tiger, to be sure!'

'I am in earnest, mother, and you would know it, if you had seen how mad I was this afternoon. Oh! I felt *really* savage!'

'O, I guess I should not have feared to cross your path! But what did you feel so cross about? Another slap on the cheek?'

'Worse than that! Oh! that was nothing to it!'

'Your little pug nose insulted?'

'Oh, mother! Just as if laughing at my nose would make me mad! Besides, my nose is a respectable little nose enough, I think.'

'I cannot guess, then. Your ears do not look as if they had been the sufferers.'

'Oh! poh! Mother!'

'Ah well, what was the mighty provocation?'

'I can tell you with a good face, since you think such trifles would be enough to put me in a passion.'

'Why, it is not such a great while since they did.'

'I know it,' said Willie.

'Do you not perceive that you have made some progress, then?'

'Yes. How I did want to give Tom a threshing! It makes me laugh to think of it. Tom would do any thing in the world for me now. He is a great deal better boy than he was, and never gets feruled now. I quite love him.'

'So much for the effect of your bad temper.'

'My dear good mother, you think I have become very good tempered, and so did I. But I was mistaken. It was only that the boys had all left off plaguing me, and I had nothing to put me out.'

'How did you make them leave off troubling you?'

'I really don't know.'

'I do.'

'Why—I suppose they thought it would be mean to keep doing injuries to one who will never return one. It would be as cowardly as to strike a girl. And, then, the older boys taking a fancy to me, the rest do not want to get their ill will.'

'What could make them take a fancy to such an ill-natured, bad tempered boy?'

'I don't know,' said Willie, half smiling, 'they did not know me very well.'

'They continue to be your friends, it seems, now that they have had time to form a correct opinion of you.'

'I don't know, I am sure; *I* do not like myself at all.'

'I am sorry you have done anything to offend Mr. Willie Rogers.'

'How this silk does tangle! Cannot you break it, at once?'

'Oh, no! I have no thoughts of doing that. Do not be out of patience.'

'Not I. I am in no hurry. Only you will never be able to wind it, I think.'

'We shall see.'

Willie soon became quite interested in the disentanglement of the skein, and felt as if a victory had been won, when the whole had been wound without being once broken. 'Now, mother, let me tell you my story. You know that dear old gentleman, Mr. Brown, who lives next the school-house, and how often he has called me in, and sent you nice fruit from his garden, and has treated all the boys too, in school—'

His mother knew him very well, and could perfectly understand how unprepared Willie was for such an outrageous charge as that of robbing such a kind friend, and hiding the design under a mean stratagem.

'I never was insulted by such a suspicion before,' said the boy, with sparkling eyes, 'and I cannot think of it even now, without anger.'

'That you never met with the same provocation before, is the very reason why you were not on your guard against it. Two or three years ago, you were just as much affronted, perhaps a dozen times a day, and fancied every time that you had good and just cause. You would even get out of all patience with puss, and I used to shut you up in the closet to reflect, you remember.'

'O, I was a *little* fellow, then.'

'So you are now, compared with George Murray.'

'I shall never out grow my temper, I see plainly. I shall always be overset with every new thing that comes across me. I am too old to mind *little* things, that is all. I am in reality about the same.'

'Yes—and I hope you will remain so.'

'What with no more command of myself than I have now!'

'That is not what I said—.'

'You puzzle me, mother.'

'Let me see. How shall I make it plain to you? I will compare your temper to a fiery young colt. When he is well trained and broken in, so as not to be skittish or unmanageable, will he not make a nobler horse than one ot less spirit?'

'Yes—he will do twice as much work.—Poor old Sorrel, how he will tug up hill, and do his very best, even in his old age; and there is Bayard, fat and lazy,—he will begin to walk as soon as he sees a rising ground at a distance, if you will let him.'

'I wish, then, that you may retain your warm and earnest feelings, even to your old age, but have them taught to obey the rein as well as the spur.'

'They never will, I am afraid.'

'Have you not more self-control than you had even six months ago? Think.'

'I have got used to many things that I could not bear very well then.'

'You can feel and behave as you ought, in general—under every day temptations.'

'I have not been out of temper for a good while, much; at least, so as to show it by my actions, I believe.'

'Is nothing gained, then?'

'Oh, but mother, what discourages me is this; as long as I live, I shall keep finding some new trial which will be too much for me.'

'I hope not. But, at any rate, you must learn to have patience with your own faults. Never give up, and you will succeed.'

'Just as we wound the silk, when I thought we *must* give it up.'

'Perseverance works wonders. And, my dear boy, you can make even your failures sources of improvement.'

'How can!?'

'As long as you live among men, you must submit to have your actions misconstrued and judged harshly. Will not the remembrance of this first trial of the kind help you to bear it patiently?'

'I do not know. I do not feel as if I could bear it all.'

'O, do not be discouraged. You will learn to endure it, just as you have learned to bear more trifling injuries.'

'I think it is an ill-natured world, then, and I wish I could always live with such people as you and father, and Sarah, and George Murray, and—and—'

'Rather a small circle, my dear boy. You could not do much good in the world, so shut up from it.'

'Do you think I shall be able to do much good?'

'Certainly if you manfully do your part.—Govern yourself, and show that you mean to govern yourself, by Christian principles, and you will be spreading that leaven which is to purify the whole world. You will be a part of that leaven.'

'O, I will, dear mother. I will never give up. I will try to do as well as I know how.—And now I feel happy. I will do what is right: and let them say of me what they will, I shall not mind it, as long as I know myself that I mean right. I think I can bear it in future.'

'Now run out and play. I think you must be tired, talking so long.'

'I am never tired of talking with you, mother, but my head aches. So I will go, and have a run before I tell you that I—'

'Run—run—there is Johnny, out there, and James Robinson.'

'Only, I am resolved that—'

'Tell me when you come back. You have been in the house a whole hour this fine day.'

'One kiss, then,' said Willie, throwing his arms round her neck. 'O, my dear, dear mother, with you to help me, I cannot fail to grow up a good man.' [Willie Rogers.

A CHILD OF SORROW.

During the late festive season,—when those who thought at all, reflected that, eighteen hundred and forty-three years ago, the religion of the heart, bringing peace and good-will on earth, came to soften the rigor of the religion of form,—a little girl, not six years old, had been observed by a lonely lady, sitting day after day on the step of a door opposite to her house. It seemed to belong to nobody; but, at a certain hour, there it was, wrapped in an old shawl, crouched on the cold stone, and rocking itself pensively backwards and forwards, more like an ailing old woman than a child. Other children played around it, but this melancholy little being mingled not in their sports, but sat silent and solitary.

Soon afterwards it was seen to peep about the area of the lady's house, and look wistfully at the kitchen windows. The lady, who was kind to children, thought that the little girl might be trying to attract her notice, opened the door suddenly, and offered it some gingerbread. When the door opened, there was a strange, eager expression in the child's eyes; but when she saw the lady she looked scared and disappointed. The kind voices and manner soon reassured the startled child, who thankfully took the offering, broke it up into little bits in her hand, and carried it to the door-step opposite, where she again took up her station. Another child, seeing the gingerbread, came up to the solitary infant, who gave the new-comer some, and, by her gestures, the lady thought that she was informing the other child whence the gift came. After waiting a considerable time without eating her gingerbread, the poor little girl rose dejectedly and went away, still looking back at the house.

A day or two afterwards, the same child was seen lingering about the pavement near the area, and holding out a bit of sugar candy in its tiny fingers through the rails.

The lady, who thought that the child was come to offer it out of gratitude for the gingerbread, went down into the area; but, as soon as she appeared, the child ran away. Soon again, however, the child was at its old station, the door-step opposite. The lady had mentioned this to her only female servant as very odd, but received no observation in reply.

One morning the door was opened to receive a piece of furniture, and the same child again suddenly appeared, and advanced stealthily towards the door. The lady, who was near, said, 'I see you!' when the child immediately retreated to her door-step.

'This is very extraordinary,' said the lady to her servant; 'I cannot make out what that child wants.'

'Madam,' said the servant, bursting into tears, 'it is *my* child.'

'Your child!—But go, bring her in. Where does she live?'

'With my sister, and she goes to school. I have told her never to come here; but the poor thing *will* come every bit of playtime she gets. That day you thought she was offering you some sugar candy, I had been to the school and given her a penny; when school was over, she came to give me a bit of the sugar candy she had bought. Oh, ma'am, have mercy,—forgive me! Do not send me away!'

The lady, who had known adversity, and was not one of those rigidly righteous people who forget the first principles inculcated by the divine Author of the Christian creed, looked grave, it is true, but did not shrink from the lowly sinner as if she had the plague, although she had become a mother before she had been made a wife, by the gay cavalier who had deceived and forsaken her. Nor did she turn her out upon the wide world, in the virtuous sternness of her indignation. To the great horror of some of her neighbors she told her servant, that her child might come to see her every Sunday, beginning with the next. When the child, who was no longer the moping creature which it had been before it was admitted to the mother, heard this, she immediately and anxiously inquired, 'How many days and nights is it to Sunday?'

Some may sneer at this; to me there is something painfully affecting in the quiet, subdued demeanor of this offspring of shame, timidly watching to obtain a glimpse of her who had borne it, at an age when happier children are never without those greatest of enjoyments, the caresses of a mother. Think of the misery of this poor child, driven, from the mere instinct of longing for its parent, to the staid demeanor of age, whilst the other merry little ones were sporting around it. Think what she must have suffered, as she gazed, day after day, at the frowning door, that shut out more than all the world's value to her. Think of the suffering mother, dreading to lose, with her place and character, the means of supporting her helpless, prematurely old infant——Oh, man, man, thou hast much to answer for. [Hood's Magazine.

SLAVE-TRADE-SUPPRESSION TREATIES.

If protocols and parliamentary speeches, hard words and diplomatic correspondence, could put down the slave-trade, it would have been suppressed long ago. But facts show that it is, and the speeches of Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel that it is likely to continue, as brisk as ever, in despite of these weapons.

It is clear from Lord Palmerston's own statement, that though the personal character of one governor threw a damp on slave-trade speculation in Cuba for a brief interval, the passion broke out with fresh vigor under his successor. It is evident that the gross amount of the slave-trade has, notwithstanding that temporary check in one quarter, scarcely varied from year to year. The slave-trade treaties, and hence the slave-trade squadrons, have not sensibly checked the slave-trade. Sir Robert Peel boasts that a more efficient system of operation is to be directed against it; but he can only quote the favorable opinions of three naval heroes, who devised or who are to be employed in the new plan of attack. Out of a fourth naval authority consulted, after anxious and prolonged study, nothing could be squeezed but the cautious opinion that 'it might not eventually succeed, but that there was an infinitely greater chance of its succeeding than by stationing the ships near Brazil and Cuba.' He does not appear to have declared it preferable to the mode of proceeding hitherto pursued along the Afican coast.

The involuntary revelations by Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, of the constant danger to which the slave-treaties expose us, were equally striking. Both attempted to show that the irritable state of the public mind in France and America towards this country was not excited by the slave-trade treaties and negotiations *alone;* but neither could deny that they were important ingredients in the dose of provocation. Each labored hard to shift from his own shoulders to those of his antagonist the blame of contributing the other ingredients; but the operation of this one was not denied. Brazil and Spain are hostile to the treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade; France and America are kept by them in a state of unintermitting irascibility; and not one maritime power but England can be said to be positively friendly to them.

It is nothing new to learn that these treaties are impotent for good and fertile in evil; but it is something to have the truth demonstrated by the set speeches of two rival ministers, each striving to demonstrate that he is the warmest supporter of the system.

How long is the country to persist in this costly and dangerous child's play? In so far as slavery and the slave-trade are concerned, we have washed our hands of them. We have emancipated our slaves, and imposed penalties upon all British subjects convicted of dabbling in slave-speculations. We have found that neither by force nor by negotiation can we induce all our neighbors to follow our example. Are we to go on forever wasting means and energies in efforts that lead to nothing? It will be wiser henceforth to tread our own path regardless of others—to mind our own business, keep our own hands clean, and leave our neighbors to take care of their interests and mend their morals after their own fashion. If our way is the right one—if, as we doubt it not, it is recommended alike by benevolence and enlightened self-regard—other nations will in time be glad to follow our example. [Spectator.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

The annexed sketch of a visit to his holiness of the Papal throne is from the new English work '*A winter in Italy*,' by Mrs. Ashton Yates.

Our acquaintance with a young clergyman, who had some interest among the Cardinals, obtained for us the honor of an interview with the Pope. We were a party of about twelve, and on being told that we were all English, he dispensed with our bending the knee, or showing him any mark of homage to which our stiff-necked, stiff-limbed people are accustomed.—Horace Walpole, it is said, on being presented, drew back, loth to pay the tribute of respect good Catholics were doing to the slipper which the Pope perceiving; kindly addressed him: 'My son, don't be afraid of showing respect to an old man.' We not being called on to pay any such implied homage placed ourselves at once in a circle around his Holiness. He was plainly habited in a loose white cloth robe, made like a dressing gown: his slippers only were ornamented, being composed of crimson and gold; he is an animated, benevolent looking old gentlemen of about seventy years of age. One of his bishops, an Englishman stood near (the Pope was himself standing, leaning his back against the table.) We had been informed that we speak either Italian or French as we pleased, though his Holiness would confine himself to the former language, in which he converses most easily.

On his being told somewhat of the different pursuits and avocations of the gentlemen, he addressed a fine intelligent looking young man, who had travelled extensively with his tutor, but is alas! deaf and dumb, so that no reply could he make. The Pope then turned to a naval captain of great stature, and altogether gigantic proportions (a fit representative of the man-of-war he commands,) who was, unfortunately, quite unconscious of the encomiums bestowed upon our navy. Although admirably well fitted to make a cannon reply to the thunders of the Vatican, had such assailed him, his ignorance of the Continental languages rendered him dumb also.

A gentleman of our immediate party, who speaks Italian fluently, took up the subject, and did it full justice, for whatever Englishmen may be called, Liberal or Conservatives, they are equally proud of England, more especially when in a foreign land; and though they sometimes cavil at, and complain of, affairs at home, yet let their country be named by the stranger's lips, and they instantly find their warmest affections called forth, and her honor and their own identified.

The Pope afterwards asked the ladies various questions as to how they liked Italy, and other matters. One of them, whose good animal spirits were rather enlivened than depressed by the novelty of the situation, replied, and caused him to smile so graciously, that I almost fancy, had the offer been made, she was prepared to accept his arm and take a turn with him in the adjoining garden, when his cap and cloak were brought for the purpose of his going there. But he only bowed, and went through a glass door, to pursue his solitary walk amongst fine beds of flowers which perhaps compensate him in some degree for being denied the *agremens* of female conversation, excepting on the most limited scale.

No other sovereigns lead so solitary and cheerless a life as do the Popes; they never walk out beyond their gardens, never ride on horseback, invariably dine alone, and, worse than all, they see no ladies, mingling in the grave society of churchmen with whom they associate, except in cases of formal introductions, such as I have described. This ascetic mode of life, I believe, was enjoined by the Council of Trent, in order to preserve the Papal character from the reproaches to which it had been liable from the free manner of living of some such Popes as Leo X., who hunted and enjoyed, without distinction, the good fellowship, to say the least, of ordinary persons. Most certainly, though the manner of living adopted afterwards by the Popes appears unnecessarily strict, and too far removed from wholesome and allowable gratifications, still it must be admitted that the habitual self-denial they severally practice, adds much to their dignity and respectability.

ELECTRO METALLURGY. From the days of Galvini, who first discovered that form of electric action which goes by his name, up to the present time, the science of chemical electricity has been growing into practical importance.—The application of the galvanic battery to the production of magnetic power, and its use as a motive has not yet produced the anticipated results. But boats have been moved through the water, and other resistances have been overcome by a combination of the galvanic battery, with the magnetic force. The most important form of this science of electro magnetism, is that which has been used in Europe, and this country, in the transmission of intelligence.—The performance of the Electro Magnetic Telegraph, between Washington and Baltimore, illustrates its almost limitless power of conveying intelligence.

But that form of the science, which generally goes under the designation of Electro Metallurgy, is gradually working an entire revolution in some of the most important processes of the Metallic arts. In practical value it is not inferior to the other branches of the science. From the hands of the amateur and numismatist, it has passed to the artist and to the mechanic. Coins and medals have, for several years, been copied by amateurs with the most perfect fidelity and with great facility. Any metal can be coated, to any required thickness, with any other metal, and the union of the two is as perfect as it can be rendered by any known mechanical process. The science has furnished a substitute for the deleterious processes of gilding by the agency of mercury. At the extensive establishment of the Messrs. Ames, at Cabotville, in this State, where the side arms and other military gilded articles are manufactured for government, the old process is entirely superseded by the new science of electro metallurgy. We have heard the saving produced by this change, in this establishment, estimated at $10,000 annually, and the workmen are relieved from the pernicious and unhealthy exhalations of mercury. In England and in this country, plated and gilt goods are now extensively manufactured, and may be made superior to those made by the old processes. In Europe a watch has been perfectly gilded, in every part, while it was running correct time. All sorts of objects, of every substance, can be plated with any sort of metal, and to any required thickness, by amateurs with equal ease as by mechanics. The only prerequisite where the substances are not of metal is, that they be metalised on the surface by a thin film of fine black lead. A basket of fruit, basket and all, can be coated with copper, silver or gold, by this wonder working electro chemical action. The Daguerrotypes have been etched and printed from through this agent. The productions of this combination of the graphic arts have been characterised with great truth as having been "*drawn by light*," and "*engraved by electricity*."

In the fine arts it promises to be invaluable. An engraving can be indefinitely multiplied, and thus the perfect productions of finished artists brought within the reach of all who desire to possess them. We have seen books with fac simile engravings upon the same page, one the production of the graver, the other the result of electro chemic action. The copper plate is immersed in a solution of copper, and a reverse plate, or one in *relief*, is deposited from the solution. This chemically formed plate is more purer and harder than the engraved plate. By a similar process with this plate, with the *relief* upon it, one is produced in *intaglio*, or like the original engraved plates.

The prints from the original and the latter cannot be distinguished by the use of the most powerful magnifiers. [Newburyport Herald.

☞ The following is from the Temperance Organ, of New York.

GREEN ON GAMBLING AND INTEMPERANCE.—On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Green, the reformed gambler, addressed the Marshal Society on the subject of gambling as connected with intemperance. The audience, which was large and highly respectable, was deeply affected by Mr. Green's illustrations of the combined influence of the two vices, which he exhibited by relating some of the most thrilling incidents we have ever heard upon a temperance rostrum.—The speaker, to show the power of maternal influence, said that when he was about six years of age he was called to the death bed of his mother, a short time before she expired. She there told him that all their poverty, misfortune and trouble, arose from the intemperance of his father and brothers, and that as she wished him to avoid the vice and miseries of drunkenness, she requested him to promise her that he would never use the drunkard's drink; and as he dearly loved his mother, he kneeled down at her bedside, and solemnly pledged himself not to use intoxicating drinks, and notwithstanding all his evil associations, he had thus far strictly adhered to his pledge—and, said he, if my sainted mother had added the vice of *gambling* to her request, I should never have been a gambler.

Mr. Green showed that gambling could not be successfully carried on without the aid of alcohol, therefore the suppression of gamnig will greatly advance the cause of temperance. We certainly wish him success in his benevolent enterprise.

AMERICAN HARP—Being a Collection of new and original Church Music, by Charles Zeuner; new edition. Just published, and for sale at SIMPKINS'S Book and Stationery Rooms, 21 Tremont Row. s14

PROGRAMME OF A COURSE OF WINTER CLASSES IN BOSTON FOR YOUNG LADIES. It is believed that there are many Young Ladies in Boston and throughout New England, who, after having completed the usual course of instruction in private schools, are desirous of pursuing a wider range of studies, adapted to their age and attainments, under competent superintendence and guidance.—With a view to supply this want, and to afford the assistance required, Mr. ADAM proposes to commence a series of classes in Boston, during the winter of 1844-45, on the following plan.

Three classes will be formed, and a pupil may attend one class only, or two classes, or all three, in conformity with her own tastes or the wishes of her friends. The branches of knowledge to which the attention of the pupils will be directed, are ENGLISH LITERATURE, GENERAL HISTORY, and the PHILOSOPHY OF THE MIND. The course will extend through the six winter months of the year, from the middle of October to the middle of April, and five or six hours will be given to each class every week. The classes will be commenced either simultaneously or in succession, allotting an equal period of time to each.

In each class the instruction will consist of three parts; *first*, of *Lectures*, of which the pupils will be expected to take notes; *second*, of *Readings* from standard authors, illustrative of the topics discussed in the Lectures, and accompanied by comments and criticisms; and, *third*, of *Exercises* prepared by the pupils on the same subjects, and read by the teacher before the class, with remarks on the style and sentiments. In all the classes an appropriate course of private reading will from time to time be indicated and recommended.

I. In the First Class, a view will be presented of the structure, history, and literature of the English Language; of the sources from which its constituent elements have been derived; of the progress from its original rude forms to its present state of cultivation; of the literary characteristics of each age in its history; and of the peculiar merits and defects of the great works that belong to each period.

II. The attention of the Second Class will be devoted to History, including Geography and Chronology—General History—not the history of particular ages or of individual nations, but the history of the race, of its various stages of development, and of the characteristics of each stage in all ages and nations, illustrating the spirit, principles, and uses of Universal history by the details of National History.

III. The Third Class will engage in the study of the Philosophy of the Mind, embracing the history of philosophy, an aalysis of the principal ideas in the human mind, and a consideration of the principles and rules for the conduct of the understanding and the cultivation and improvement of its powers.

Throughout the course and in all the classes, the object will not be merely to communicate new views to the pupils, but to bring their minds into a state of healthy activity, both on the ideas which they already possess and on those which may be presented to them by others, to enlarge and strengthen the mental powers by habits of just reasoning, and to elevate and purify the taste by sound principles of criticism in literature, in morals, and in philosophy.

Communications may be addressed to Mr. Adam, at 8, Otis Place, Boston; or at Northampton, Mass.

Boston, Sept. 21, 1844. tf

BOARDING SCHOOL AT FRAMINGHAM for Lads and Young Ladies. The Fall Term will commence on MONDAY, Sept. 2d. The course of instruction will be the same as that pursued for the past three years, embracing all the branches of a thorough English and Classical education; also, Music and Drawing. The School is a private Academy, limited as to its numbers, having the best of accommodations both in the school room and family, occupying the constant and undivided attention of its Teacher and affording the highest advantages to its pupils.

TERMS.—Tuition, board and washing, $45,00 per term of fifteen weeks. Music, $13,00 per quarter.—Drawing, $5,00.

References—Hon. Geo. Morey, Hon. John C. Park, Dr. A. B. Wheeler, Henry H. Fuller, John D. Williams, Jonathan Ellis, Esqs., Boston.

aug17 is2m JAMES W. BROWN.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. The Fall Term of the subscriber's School for Young Ladies will commence in convenient and pleasant rooms at the Warren Street Chapel, on September 24.

The usual branches of a liberal English education are taught. Instruction is also given in the French, German and Latin Languages; and if desired, Needle Work, Drawing, and Music. The School is well furnished with Philosophical Apparatus and a large and excellent Library.

Applications for admission can be made at the School Room. WILLIAM P. JARVIS.

jy27 10w

LIFE INSURANCE. Life Insured on the Mutual Principle, at the lowest safe rate of premium, by the NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, at their Office, Merchants' Bank Building, State street, Boston.

Willard Phillips, Robert Hooper, William Parsons, Charles P. Curtis, James Savage, Francis C. Lowell, George Howe, George H. Kuhn, William W. Stone, R. B. Forbes, Peter Wainwright—*Directors.*

George Hayward, *Consulting Physician.*

Jonathan Amory, *Secretary.*

The table of rates of premium and forms for application, may be had by applying at the office. my25

PIANO FORTES. The subscribers have formed a co-partnership under the firm of HALLET, DAVIS & CO., for the purpose of manufacturing Piano Fortes; and having taken the stock and stand of the late Brown & Hallet, 293 Washington street, Boston, would beg leave to say to our friends, and all others who may purchase instruments of us, we are not only determined to maintain the high reputation which has been bestowed upon this manufactory in past years, but by our united and personal attention to business, to make such improvements in point of tone, style of finish, and durability, that the public will be satisfied our instruments are equal in every respect, if not superior to any made in this or any other city; and we can, and will sell first rate instruments, upon as reasonable terms as any other makers; and every instrument made by us will be warranted, and if it does not prove as good as recommended, it will be made so at our expense, or the money refunded to the purchaser.

RUSSEL HALLET,
GEORGE H. DAVIS,
HENRY ALLEN.

s7 tf

GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.—JENKS & PALMER have just published the thirty-sixth edition of 'a Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship,' by Rev F. W. P. Greenwood.

This collection of Psalms and Hymns is universally approved, by all persons who have examined it; and has given great satisfaction where it has been used.

The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev F. W. P. Greenwood;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev J. Pierpont;) Second Society, (Rev C. Robbins;) New South Society (Rev A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev Dr Channing;) Bulfinch st. Church (Rev Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev Mr Coolidge,) Boston. Church of the Messiah, New York, (Rev Dr Dewey;) Church of the Savior, Brooklyn, N.Y. (Rev Mr Farley;) Cambridge, E. Cambridge, W. Cambridge, Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Chelsea, Lowell, Lexington, Lincoln, Weston, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Cohasset, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Cabotville, Ipswich, Bedford, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Sterling, Mass; Portsmouth, Walpole, Dover, N. H; Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me; Hartford, Ct; Syracuse, Rochester, N. Y; Providence, Newport, R. I; Brattleboro', Vt; Savannah, Geo; Mobile, Ala; Allton, Ill; St. Louis, Mo; Louisville, Ky; and many other societies in New England and the Southern and Western States.

The book was enlarged upon publication of the sixteenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns.—Nor farther alterations or additions are contemplated. Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington st., (up stairs.)

ap27 tf

CHURCH SERVICE AND HYMN BOOK.—Published and for sale by BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street, the following Book:—

Service Book, for the use of the Church of the Disciples. Taken principally from the Old and New Testaments.

The Disciple's Hymn Book; a Collection of Hymns and Chants for public and private devotion. Prepared for the use of the Church of the Disciples, Boston.

The Christian Examiner for July 1844, speaking in praise of this Book, from which we select the following: 'We would then have the music, or singing, and liturgic services of the Church adapted to aid the devotion of the Congregation, to make the Congregation themselves, worshippers. Nothing else satisfies us.'

'Entertaining these views, we are prepared to like the plan of Mr Clarke's 'Service Book.' It answers the demand made by the heart of the worshipper. It has sufficient variety, yet is simple, both in its matter and arrangement; it avoids the repetition and confusion observable in many of the old Prayer Books, and the Service is not as in some of them, made tedious by its length; and it unites the advantages of extempore prayer with something fixed, and especially with well chosen scriptural aids to devotion, &c. &c.

'The mechanical execution of the Book is worthy of notice. It is exceedingly neat and pleasing to the eye.'

s14 tf

WAVERLEY NOVELS—*People's Edition.*—Now publishing a new edition of the Waverley Novels, from Parker's celebrated plates, good type and handsome paper; price only 37½ cents each novel. A liberal discount will be made where the whole set is taken, and it will be furnished in strong and handsome binding at a small advance on the cost in paper covers.

Individuals wishing a good readable edition of those celebrated novels, are invited to send in their names to the Publisher's Agent, WM. CROSBY, 118 Washington st. s21

MEDICATED
Vapor Bath Establishment,
—AND—
ASYLUM FOR THE SICK,
No. 12 *Franklin Street, Boston.*

DR. M. M. MILES would respectfully inform the public, that his house is situated in one of the most pleasant, quiet and central streets in the city, which he has fitted up with every regard to the accommodation of the invalid. Patients are always under his immediate care, and can be boarded at a reasonable rate while they may wish to remain at his house. All who may patronize this establishment can depend upon thorough medical treatment; and every means will be used to render their situation pleasant, and to effect a cure in the shortest possible time.

He has likewise secured the services of Mr HENRY B. MAY, as an assistant.

Ladies who may wish to enjoy the luxuries of this celebrated Vapor Bath, or who may require medical aid will be waited upon by accommodating Female Attendants and the best of Nurses. Their department is entirely disconnected from that of the Gentlemen.

Dr Miles has made the study of Medicated Baths a part of his medical education: and he has found by long experience, that the Whitlaw Medicated Vapor Bath is one of the most efficacious agents ever invented for removing every kind of disease that preys upon the human system; and in connection with other appropriate medicines, it will effect a permanent cure in all cases within the reach of human skill; and it has proved a remedy in hundreds of cases, when every thing else has failed. This is particularly the case with chronic diseases, like the following, viz: salt rheum, scrofula, rhematism, gout, palsy, neuralgia, tic doloreux, nervous irritability, painful and diseased eyes, sore throat, diseases of the liver, dyspepsia, costiveness, pimpled face, ring worms, erysipelas, obstinate glandular affections, dropsy, consumption, (phtisis pulmonalis,) deafness, asthma, catarrh, leprosy, cancer, gravel, female complaints in general, and all cutaneous diseases. The lungs are readily reached by inhaling the vapor of the Bath, and this will often restore them to health. The vapor of the materials used cleanses and strengthens the skin, that extensive organ which nature has provided for removing injurious matter from the system.

The Medicated Vapor Baths are moreover esteemed a great luxury by many who have no particular disease, being far superior to any other kind of Bath. They are varied, to adapt them to various constitutions and diseases; and they may be advantageously taken by all, from the most athletic and robust, down to the most delicate and feeble, without apprehension of taking cold; the use of them proving a tonic, and consequently invigorating and fortifying the system; but they should be saved from the hands of quacks and ignorant men, with as much care as we would rescue pearls from the trampling of swine. They are highly recommended by some of the first Physicians in this country and in Europe. Patients can take them under the advice of their own Physicians, and rely upon their directions being rigidly adhered to.

He is agent for the sale of Hicks & Miner's Portable Vapor Bath, which can be medicated in a few minutes with Sulphur, Chlorine, Sulphuret of Iodine, Soda and Potash; Vegetables and essential oils. It contains all the elements of its operation within itself—It is well recommended by Physicians of the highest standing throughout the country—Patronized by the New York City Hospital, and gives entire satisfaction wherever it has been introduced. Circulars containing certificates and directions are furnished with each Bath.

These Baths can be administered to persons who may be confined at their houses in the city and vicinity

REFERENCES.

Phineas Capen, Esq. Probate Office,	Boston.
Nathaniel Rogers, Marlboro' Hotel,	"
George G. Smith, 186 Washington street,	"
John N. Bradley, 16 State street,	"
L. A. Huntington, 76 Washington street,	"
Samuel H. Gregory, 25 Court street,	"
A. Ball, M. D., 34 Tremont Row,	"
J. Tucker, M. D., 4 Hamilton place,	"
E. G. Tucker, M. D., 4 Hamilton place,	"
Daniel Mann, M. D., 20 Washington street, Salem.	
Kimball & Butterfield, Editors of the Essex County Whig, 9 North Common street, Lynn.	
S. Newman, Esq,	Newburyport.
Philip Cushing,	"

my25

HIGHLY IMPORTANT! All discoveries in dental science, whether Mechanical or Surgical, that tend to a practical improvement in that branch of Surgery, should be made known by all proper means, that the public may avail themselves of the benefits derivable from them. The luxuries of life, connected with other causes, either constitutional or local, have made such sad inroads upon the number and health of our natural teeth, as to make it an important study with the dental profession, to substitute others in their stead, in a manner the least objectionable. Objections of much weight, have been urged against artificial teeth on plate, from the known fact, that large portions of brass and copper are contained in the solder that is used, for connecting the teeth with the plate. The impurity of this composition is seen after a few days, in a change of its color, to a dark dirty appearance, attended with a brassy taste. But this is not all. The connecting of not less than four different kinds of metal in the mouth, produces a galvanic action, which tends to impair the general health of the gums, and consequently to effect unfavorably the remaining natural teeth. DR. S. STOCKING, Surgeon Dentist, has succeeded in making such improvements in the manner of setting artificial teeth on plate, as to entirely obviate every objection that can be urged against them; the solder used by him, being of equal purity with the plate, and warranted to neither oxidize, or produce the unpleasant taste of brass or copper while worn. An improvement of great importance has also been recently made by Dr. S. in the manner of adapting the plate to the mouth, with such fastenings as will admit of the whole work being removed, and replaced again, at the pleasure of the wearer, with as much convenience, as a glove can be taken from the hand, or a ring from the finger, and then replaced again: and yet, when on, are firm, easy and inoffensive. These are improvements that commend themselves to the consideration of all who may desire artificial teeth. During the two past years not less than 15,000 teeth that had become painful, by reason of the exposure of the dental nerve, have been successfully treated by Dr S. by first destroying the nerve and lining membrane of the teeth with his anodyne, without pain, and then filling them, so that there is a general disposition in the community to defer all unnecessary operations on their teeth until they become painful, it is most respectfully urged, that all teeth be immediately filled, as soon as decay has commenced, before the general health of the teeth is effected, and if properly done the tooth is safe for life. The proper filling for such cases is unquestionably the purest gold. The usual method of setting teeth on wood pivot, is found to be objectionable, as the pivot is too liable to become soft and weak, and in a few months breaks entirely off. An improvement of much importance has been adopted by Dr S. in substituting gold and silver pivots, which make them ten-fold firmer, and less offensive. Dr S. continues the use of his justly celebrated Par